

# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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# *Rice for the Bowls of China*

HUNGRY

HOMELESS

ORPHANED

YOUNGSTERS

*Save Them*  
*from Beggary and*  
*Starvation*

Send Your Offering to  
**The Hunan Relief Fund**  
THE SIGN  
UNION CITY, N. J.



*Black Star Photos*

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# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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1939

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# PERSONAL MENTION

• **TELEGRAPHIC** in its brevity was the reply of FR. DAMIAN REID, C. P. to our request for a biographical note. Here it is: "Born in Jersey City, N. J.; secondary education in the Passionist Preparatory College; ordained in 1929; the past eight years at Holy Cross Preparatory College, Dunkirk, N. Y." He has been Rector there for several years. Though his personal notice is short, his series on the Passion which starts with this issue is important. As editors of a magazine which aims to increase devotion to the Passion of Jesus Christ, we urge the reading of these splendid articles—beginning with the first, *Weakness and Strength*.

• **COMMENT** on a highly controversial section of Pope Pius XI's *Reconstructing the Social Order* is offered by FR. JOHN CRONIN, S. S., in his current article, *Money: Master or Servant?*

He makes no attempt to elaborate here a complete theory of money or its place in modern society. He will have a more comprehensive discussion in his forthcoming book, *Economics and Society*, to be published by the American Book Co. He is also issuing a pamphlet, *The Social Problem of Money*—a reprint of his chapter in The Sunday Visitor Symposium—through the Paulist Press.

• **FULL-PAGE** copies of drawings, especially executed for THE SIGN by MARIO BARBERIS, will illustrate a series of articles on the Passion beginning with this issue. The originals were done on wood. Born in Rome, of a Piedmontese family, the artist manifested a passionate interest in painting and art from his earliest years. A pupil of Giacomo Grosso, he completed his art studies at the Accademia Albertina of Turin. During his four years at the Front in the World War he produced a number of drawings which were later acquired by the Italian Supreme Command. Since that time his talent has been devoted to Sacred Art.

He has executed three large canvasses for the Basilica of Gethsemane and others for the Church of the Flagellation in Jerusalem. Chile, Syria, Canada, and various cities of Italy, have called upon his services. His are the



Rev. Damian Reid, C.P.

originals for the "Via Crucis" for the parish church of Vatican City, for the Major Seminary of Salerno, etc. He has drawn for numerous European reviews, and has had three personal expositions in Rome. Those who have visited International Art Exhibitions may recall some of his work.

• It is a distinct pleasure to present to our subscribers who are not yet acquainted with his work, WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH. From his native town, Waterbury, Conn., he went to Yale for his B.A. Fordham honored him with the degree of Litt. D. A journalist for Hartford and Philadelphia papers, he was also Mexican border correspondent in 1916. For the past six years he has been Professor of English Literature at Manhattanville College, New York City. One of his five children has recently been received into

the Sisters of Mercy.

Author of *Out of the Whirlwind*, a stirring novel, *Shekels*, a successful Passion Play, numerous articles and stories—he is best known for his two biographies, *Isabella of Spain* and *Philip II*. The last-named is a magnificent work which has been translated into many languages. He is highly grateful that the Nazis have banned it in Germany. His article of warning this month, *In our Neutrality Our Strength*, deserves thoughtful reading.

• **ONCE** again we have first-hand reports of conditions in our mission district, the Vicariate of Yüanling, Hunan. The MOST REV. CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., describes *The Swelling Tide of Refugees*, which gathers force with each day that the bitter, undeclared war is prolonged.

From Chihkiang comes FR. WILLIAM WESTHOVEN's account, *Trek From Death*, of the bombings of that city. Here are two tales which move us to admiration and stir us to do our part, even from this distance, to help these noble priests and Sisters. Even those who cannot send them the financial aid they so badly need, will be proud to learn of the splendid deeds of their fellow-Americans in the chaotic Far East. Don't miss these two graphic articles written by eyewitnesses.



Mario Barberis, noted Roman artist (See Page 522)



# THE SIGN



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



## Pope Pius XII

NEVER has a waiting world been given such speedy and generous reporting on the election, the person and the coronation of a new Pontiff as it has on that of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII. This remarkable coverage by radio and by press was provided not merely as a gesture of good will. It was organized in response to a demand of which those who control the sources of news were definitely aware. Cable, air-wave and press were held ready for each new detail of those important days.

The eagerness with which the eyes of the world looked to Rome is, in itself, significant. Only a small part of that eagerness can be put down to curiosity. It was due primarily to an increasing acknowledgment, even though unspoken, of the power for good which is exercised by the Papacy. Like quarreling children who stop their wrangling at the approach of their father, the nations paused. Who would the new Pope be? What would he have to say? Could he be counted on as one who would be familiar with the most urgent questions of the day?

The suspense was brief. A shout of joy went up when Cardinal Pacelli's first name was announced to the throng outside St. Peter's. Heard over the radio, it expressed the enthusiasm with which almost the entire world greeted the election. Here was a man who was known not only for his piety, intelligence and diplomatic achievements. He was one of whom Americans, Germans, British, Irish—people of many lands could say: "We saw him. We heard him speak. He knelt here in prayer. He is familiar with our country and our problems. We shall feel that he is very close to us."

WITH unexpected swiftness, in answer to millions of questioning minds, Pope Pius XII addressed the faithful and the world with his strong plea for peace. This was his first wish, his "first paternal thought." His special blessing was reserved for "those who suffer in poverty or in pain." This appeal was not one of futile emotionalism. It was based on those fundamental truths of religion and on those rights and duties of man without which the cry of "Peace" is a hopeless dream. The Pope had immediately singled out the greatest need of the restless, alarmed world.

"Peace—the Work of Justice" is the motto of our Holy Father. In the home, before the law, in workshops and business, in government, in international relations—justice, and the conformity of action with truth and with the spiritual order, can alone insure peace. "After the grace of God," he declared, "it is in your good will that Our soul greatly trusts." From Christian principles and from his own personal con-

tacts with men, Pope Pius XII knows that to injustice and to absence of good will can be traced the greater part of the sorrows, the fear and the sufferings that crush mankind.

He must be conscious, too, that whatever grief he will have to bear in his exalted and responsible office will come from the same source. Men will not change overnight. They will still be proud and greedy and cruel. They will fight against the Christ and against His Church. Some will struggle to the bitter end; some will come back into the Fold. And all, whether friend or foe, will face this man whom God has chosen.

IN DESCRIBING the process of the Pope's election and the ceremonies of his coronation with such minute detail, in admitting the prestige of his position in world affairs, in praising so frankly his outstanding gifts and his remarkable personality—the secular press gave little emphasis to the most important fact of all. Pope Pius XII is not merely another one in a long succession of rulers. He is not merely the Spiritual Father of millions of souls. He is the successor of Peter, the spokesman of that unbroken tradition which has come from the Church's Divine Founder. He is the personal representative of Jesus Christ Himself.

On this Rock storms will break and fall back upon themselves. On this Rock will men of good will and faith find refuge, as they have always found it, since Our Divine Redeemer placed it upon this earth. Whether men heed it or not, whether the faithful number dozens or millions, whether the nations fall away or cling to it—the Rock will remain unmoved. This is a Divine promise.

As Catholics we believe this. It is the secret of the joy and faith and the sense of security with which we look to the Holy Father. It is the reason, above all human motives, which brings us to the feet of Pope Pius XII with our pledge of complete obedience and unquestioning loyalty.

He has asked our prayers and our co-operation. He cannot fail in his office of Vicar of Christ. But he realizes the burden which he must bear. We should be unworthy of our Christian name if we did not keep him in our petitions to God, and did not promptly carry out those behests which he makes known to us. He will direct and urge and command us in those things which are for our peace. Let not our sloth or selfishness or disobedience make of us unfaithful children.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*

# CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

• **AT THE** time of writing, Europe is in a state of ferment. Hitler has just annexed most of what was Czechoslovakia and appears to be ready for new conquests.

## Uncle Sam and Europe

Perhaps before these lines appear in print some settlement will be made one way or the other, although the facts seem to indicate that any agreement made with Hitler can only be temporary.

Events in Europe are having their usual repercussions here in America. In spite of almost innumerable and insoluble problems of our own, we Americans always prefer to interest ourselves in the difficulties of European nations. While we are still paying dearly for having done it in 1917 we are being invited to do it again in 1939.

Now, we hold no brief for Hitler and his Nazis. They are anathema to all decent people—and that still includes most Germans. But before we Americans make any decision about what our part is to be in European affairs, let us look at things objectively and try to realize what it is all about.

It is a mistake to regard the struggle going on in Europe as a fight of justice against injustice, of white against black. There are various degrees of shadings on both sides. Imperialisms that are just developing (Germany and Italy) are fighting against fully developed imperialisms (Britain and France). It is a mistake to picture Germany and Italy as bandits attempting to break into the possessions of law-abiding and peace-loving Britain and France. It would be nearer the truth to picture John Bull and Marianne sitting watchfully on their bags of booty being encircled by Hitler and Mussolini, waiting for a chance to grab what they can. And if anybody mentions atrocities it might be well to recall the French at Damascus in 1925 or the British Black and Tans in Ireland. Modern civilized history records nothing blacker. Morally, they are all tarred with the same stick.

Furthermore, there are a few historical facts which we Americans should recall at this time—just to keep the record straight. The United States, Britain, France and Italy fought the World War to make the world safe for democracy. Out of that war, good old Uncle Sam got a huge burden of debts. Italy got the cold shoulder. Britain and France divided between them the lion's share of the booty—1,244,000 square miles of territory inhabited by 18,000,000 people with an annual trade of about \$166,000,000.

Is there hope that the outcome of a new European conflict would be any better?

• • •  
• **THE** world has felt a certain amount of sympathy for some of Hitler's acts because they had some justification. Such was the Anschluss with Austria and the annexation of the Sudetenland. After all, those were German territories. But the subjugation of Czechoslovakia demonstrates that Hitler is not limiting himself to bringing Germans into the Reich. He is embarking on a campaign to subjugate

## If War, Leave Us Out

non-Germans and perhaps to create a great German Empire, which a writer in *The Sign* as far back as June, 1938, described very aptly as the "Fourth Reich."

There is no possible justification for Hitler's new course. But would war be a remedy? Consider the alternatives. If there is no war to stop him, Hitler will probably dominate Poland, Hungary and Rumania, and finally come to grips with Soviet Russia over the Ukraine. Communists and Nazis could then fight it out for themselves.

The other alternative is the long-predicted war of the "democracies" (including Russia!), against the fascist states—Germany, Italy and Japan. Conceding that the democracies would finally succeed in crushing the fascist states, what would become of Eastern Europe? Instead of being the prey of the Nazis it would become the prey of the Communists. Whatever else the fascist states have done or failed to do, they have certainly kept the Russian bear caged within the boundaries of his Soviet "paradise." Without Japanese resistance China would be overrun by Communist hordes. Germany and Italy, defeated and leaderless, would be a happy hunting ground for anarchy and Communism. Even the victorious democracies, bankrupt and disillusioned, would probably find that the victory was bought only at the price of setting up dictatorial regimes which it might not be easy to oust.

It is hardly necessary to ask which alternative we Americans should choose. Our part in any European conflict should be that of a completely neutral outsider.

• • •  
• **THAT** the people in the totalitarian states are subjected to a constant barrage of propaganda goes without saying. They are spoon-fed that exact amount of

## Propaganda in Dictatorships

information considered good for them—and that only after it has been strained and colored by an omnipresent propaganda ministry. The military goose-step is matched by an equally rigid intellectual goose-step.

One of the evil effects of this propaganda is that the people of the totalitarian states know little or nothing of the true condition of affairs at home or abroad. This puts into the hands of unscrupulous rulers the power of working a whole people into a frenzy of hate and anger by the dissemination of totally false reports—usually as a preparation for some warlike gesture.

The Nazi press gave an example of this at the time of Hitler's march into Czechoslovakia. Mr. Otto Tolischus, Berlin correspondent of the *New York Times*, reported to his paper some of the statements in German newspapers just prior to the Nazi *coup d'etat*. The following are some typical examples:

"Czech terror as in Benes' time—Germans under blackjacks and bayonets—gravely wounded in Bruenn, Iglau and Pressburg."

"Murder and arson rule again in the Czechoslovak Republic. . . . Germans left in the Czech State are tormented and tortured."

"German people lie in their own blood as sacrifices to Czech hatred."

At the time these statements were being published in the German press, reliable correspondents who were eye-witnesses of events in Czechoslovakia reported to their papers that not only were there no atrocities being perpetrated, but there was no disorder of any kind in that country.

Let it not be thought for a moment that propaganda is limited to the totalitarian states or to those countries that have ministries devoted exclusively to this modern art of mass mental poisoning. We were given a large dose of it in 1917 with the result that we immediately developed a bad case of national hysteria. In his article, "In Our Neutrality Our Strength" on Page 519 of this issue, Mr. William Thomas Walsh recalls a few unpleasant facts about the American reaction to the propaganda injection administered by the war-mongers to get us into the World War. The American people took the bait with such avidity that it was difficult to believe afterward that Barnum was not guilty of understatement when he said there is one born every minute.

## Propaganda and Americans

And now in 1939 we are getting it again—this time more subtly. Large sections of our press are constantly engaged in whipping their readers into a state of rage against Germany, Italy and Japan, although up to the present these countries have done us no harm. Our resistance to war propaganda is being worn down by the constant assertion, in season and out of season, that if war breaks out in Europe it will be impossible for us to keep out of it. We must not only build up vast armaments for ourselves, but we should help the South American nations equip armies and build navies—with what future results to them and to ourselves God alone knows. Having fought and bled—and paid—once, to make the world safe for democracy, we are invited to do it again to save democracy in Britain, France and—Soviet Russia!

This propaganda is having its effect. According to a survey by the American Institute of Public Opinion, there has been a steady swing of opinion toward President Roosevelt's policy of helping Britain and France by methods "short of war but stronger and more effective than mere words." How near we can come to war and still stop short of it is not clear, however—and that is a dangerous business.

• SOME day students of journalism may study the technique and trace the financial backing of the reports which came from accredited correspondents of the secular press who have lived in Loyalist Spain. News-men who followed Nationalist forces into Catalonia and into other parts conquered by Franco's forces have been telling the world facts which contradict much of what was published before. The devastating, indiscriminate bombing of Barcelona, it is now admitted, did not take place; the few mob-incited deaths were, instead, officially, Loyalist-inspired torture and brutal murder of thousands upon thousands; the proclaimed liberty of conscience was a myth; the non-existent Communist element blossomed overnight into a war within a war.

The significance of such revelations—perhaps we should say confirmation of articles in the Catholic Press—is not merely a subject for future investigation. We have remarked before on the fact that dishonest

## Recognition of Nationalist Spain

reports were poisoning the wells of history. But it is of immediate concern that these violent anti-Franco and pro-Loyalist press stories have so affected the American mind that they are undoubtedly responsible in great part for our present unchanged governmental policy.

For two and a half years our Ambassador to Spain lived, not in the Loyalist territory with which the United States maintained diplomatic relations, but at Saint Jean-de-Luz, France. Why? For two and a half years, order, freedom, the rights of private property have been maintained in Nationalist Spain. During all this time the prestige and moral support which accompanies diplomatic relationship has been given to a regime which now, at this late date, even the secular press discloses as highly controlled by radical and Red and irresponsible forces.

A month after England and France recognized the Nationalist Government, the United States still refuses to do so. If unfairness to that Government—which now justly and decently rules twenty million of Spain's twenty-four million people—means nothing to us, will not the thought of unfairness to ourselves influence those who control our foreign policy? Encouragement of a regime which was backed so strongly by Communists will be interpreted as indifference, if not outright sympathy towards their aims. Again, we broadcast to the world our determination to work hand in hand with the South American Republics and to strike out with all our power in their defense. Yet we antagonize a great nation to whom they are bound, as we historically should be bound, by strong cultural ties.

It is time that we recognized, in our own interests, the Nationalist Government of Spain. Delay in doing so lends credence to the belief that we can make official decisions only when forced into line by the actions of other nations.

• HUMBLE apologies, of course, should preface any remarks on the Irish "Border." It is decidedly bad taste even to mention it. The world has enough problems.

## Wipe Out the Irish Border

Map-making is in progress in Central Europe; smouldering fires in Palestine are unquenched; Japan and China are battling. So let's forget about the artificial boundary which was set up to keep the Irish people divided and to prolong the Irish-English feud which could long since have been settled to the advantage of both nations.

We can't forget it. Some English papers have become alarmed over the Manchester incident. An Anti-Partition League was formed there, acknowledged by all as a peaceful group whose purpose was to inform public opinion of the national rights and essential unity of the Irish nation. But, following the "Trojan horse" tactics in which they excel, Communists bored into the League. A priest, who was formerly chairman, resigned lest the Church and the founders of the League be suspect of favoring violence.

Now a large number of British are asking themselves: "Why don't we settle this problem at our own doors? We created it and we can solve it." Most of the British laughed at Lord Craigavon's myth about "racial differences" in Ireland, as they would laugh at any attempt to split up England according to Celtic, Danish, Anglo-Saxon or Norman antecedents. They know full well that the Belfast Parliament came into existence, not in response to any national demand, but by an act of British Parliament. They know that the Treaty of 1921 recognized the fundamental reality of a single Irish nation. As Mr. De Valera observed last Fall: "If you



are going to divide a country according to political party divisions, there is no country on earth which could maintain its present boundaries. . . . The unnatural division of our country is a matter of vital concern, not merely for the people of the Six Counties who are suffering from it but for the people of all Ireland and for the Irish race throughout the world."

The Border is of especial concern to England, which needs and which may have the co-operation and goodwill of Ireland. Mutual benefit will derive if this longstanding source of irritation is removed. The voice not only of the Irish but of all lovers of justice throughout the world should lend support to this movement.

• • •  
 • **OPPOSITION** to amendments to the Wagner Act has come from many sources. This Act has always been considered by the Administration and its friends as

### Amending the Wagner Act

one of the high points in the social legislation inaugurated by the New Deal. The result has been an unwillingness on the part of the President to give his blessing to any proposed amendments. The reluctance of Senator Wagner, after whom the Act is called, to permit any changes, is understandable. Opposition has come from other sources, too, including the C.I.O. and a variety of radical organizations.

In spite of all this, there is a constantly growing sentiment in favor of amending the Act. That changes will be made is, in our opinion, inevitable. The Wagner Act was approved on July 5, 1935. It was a new and untried piece of social legislation in a field which up to that time had been considered a sort of no-man's-land of strife between industry and labor. While its general effects have been good, it would be surprising if nearly four years of experience in administering the Act did not reveal some ways in which it could be improved.

Some of the defects of the Wagner Act are obvious to unbiased observers. While before it was enacted the scales were heavily weighted in favor of the employer in cases of dispute, the opposite is now true. The Wagner Act legislates against unfair labor practices on the part of employers, but not on the part of employees. Yet the past few years have shown quite clearly that some of our greatest labor disturbances have come from unfair labor practices of employees, such as sit-down strikes, wild cat strikes, sabotage, mass picketing, etc. The administration of the Act by the National Labor Relations Board as prosecutor, judge and jury, has not been above reproach. Perhaps if it were, the C.I.O. would not be so conspicuously strenuous in its efforts to have the law kept as it is.

But while certain amendments to the Act are obviously necessary, there seems to be as many opinions on what those changes are to be as there are people suggesting them. They range from slight modifications to a complete rewriting of the Act. Even in Congress there is no agreement on the matter.

A reasonable solution would seem to be for the President to adopt the course suggested in some quarters to the effect that he appoint an able non-partisan committee to study the labor situation and to make recommendations. The scope of the inquiry could be broadened to include recommendations for a peaceful settlement of the strife between the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. if the present parleys prove ineffectual. The recommendations of such a committee would have the effect of throwing the full weight of public opinion on the side of fair and reasonable solutions. And, after all, the public is much concerned in the dispute.

• **A** RECENT issue of *The Weekly Review* contains an interesting and lively article entitled "Gentlemen of the (Sup)press!" It is by a "Fleet Street Old-Timer"

### Nothing to Boast About

who has spent thirty-seven years as a journalist. It contains some very pointed reminders to readers of the daily press that they should not believe a thing just because they see it in their favorite paper. Newspapers in both England and America have a way of suppressing unpalatable items and of varying their opinions with the shifting winds.

After Versailles, for instance, Lloyd George, the Labor Party and others denounced Benes' over-large Czechoslovakia as a "trap" for Sudeten Germans, a monstrous injustice that would bring Nemesis. Last September, you didn't hear any such sentiments expressed.

Slavery, cruelty and corruption in Ethiopia were described quite fully in books and papers—until Italy made up her mind to do something about it.

In Germany, six years ago, Hitler was making offers of disarmament and readjustment. The press dismissed him as a joke and a nuisance.

In 1933 Mussolini asked Britain and France to join him in a pact to control the rising Nazis. Had it been done, how different the picture would be in Europe today. But the British press said it was "only Mussolini" and relegated the news to the inside pages of *three papers*.

No paper even points out that Japan really is overcrowded and is forbidden the Americas and Australia. Where are the Japanese to go? A difficult question.

The persecution of Catholics in Mexico has been passed over with practically complete silence. And what is even worse, the press of both England and America has for the most part sided with the Anarchists, Syndicalists, Communists and Commissars in Spain who have done their bloody work of murder and persecution under the name of "Loyalists."

• • •  
 • **AMAZING** figures on the circulation of objectionable publications in the United States were given in a radio address by the Most Rev. John Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana. His thorough investigation revealed

### Campaign for Decency in Print

that 450 such periodicals and papers are reaching 60,000,000 people. Such publications violate not only ordinary decency but also the laws of 47 of our 48 States. Because so many of these magazines seriously offend against the United States Postal laws, they are distributed by freight, express, truck and airplane. The banning of such filth in print by other countries has, of course, aroused the anger of those publishers who wax fat on their profits.

Here in the United States more than thirty dioceses have already formed plans for decisive action against this threat to the moral foundation of our American people. Non-Catholics, Jews, local authorities, are co-operating to stamp out the plague. While the young are especially victimized by periodicals of this type, adults in great numbers are also influenced.

In supporting this campaign, it is well to remember that it must have a constructive side. Parents would be criminally careless were they to leave poison within easy reach of the unsuspecting young. Equally guilty would be fathers and mothers who would invite unsavory strangers or known criminals into the family circle to corrupt the minds of children. Yet with apparent unconcern of the harm they are doing, parents—even Catholic parents—welcome into their homes "sophisticated" or openly immoral periodicals.



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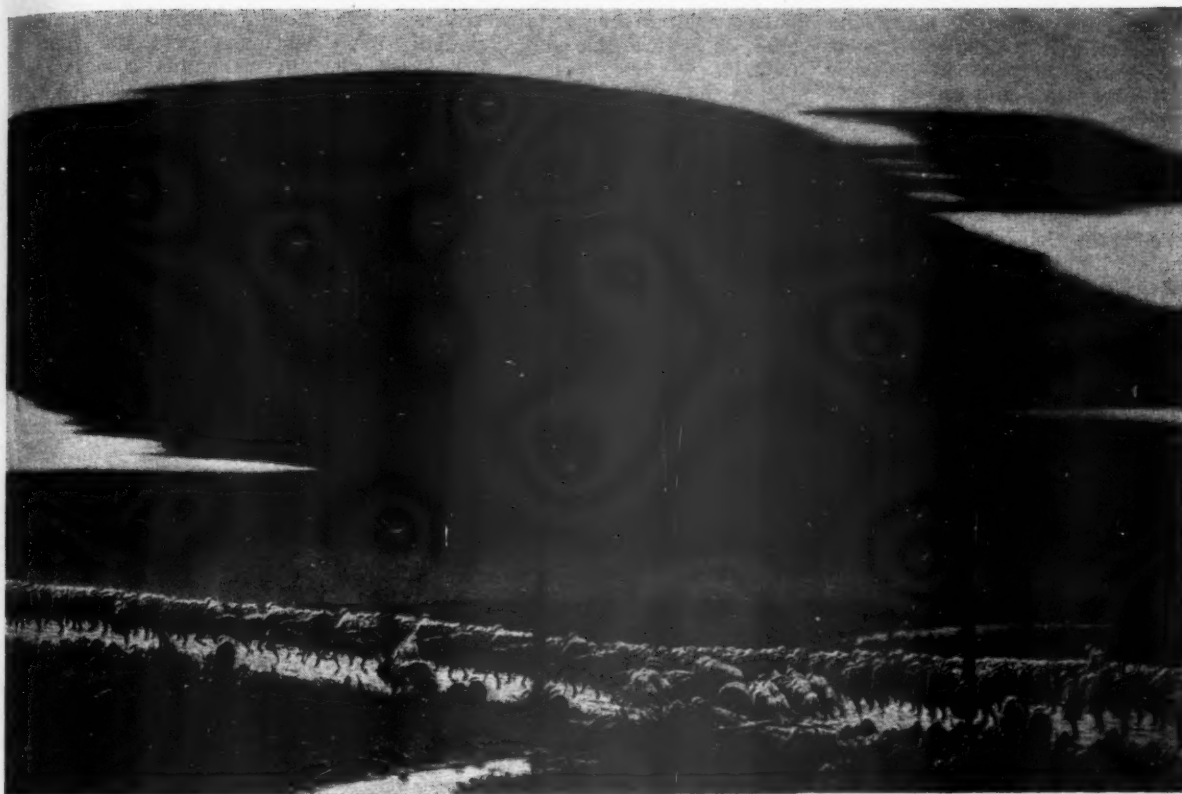
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September 13, 1918. Saint-Mihiel

Etching by Kerr Eby. Courtesy of Keppel Galleries, N. Y.

## In Our Neutrality Our Strength

The People of the United States Are Being Subjected To a Bar-  
rage of Propaganda Which May Lead Us Into Another World War

By WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

**N**O ONE who remembers the irrational hysteria which in a few days of early April, 1917, transformed millions of peace-loving Americans into fanatics crying for the blood of people of another continent, can fall to experience, in listening to the jingoists, who have been appealing to the spirit of hate since the Munich Settlement, a sick fear that what happened once may easily happen again.

If there was any corner of the world where war was not desired in 1914 it was in these United States. Indeed, a cynic might find gloomy confirmation of his philosophy in the thought that never was there so much talk in the whole world of peace through mutual understanding of nations than in the year or two preceding the Sarajevo murder. Was not the Hague Tribunal established, and ready to settle all disputes among the nations? Had not President Theodore Roosevelt acted as

peacemaker after the Russo-Japanese War? Were not Ex-president Taft and numerous other publicists assuring us that war would soon be outlawed forever as a savage survival of the past? Most young men who were graduated from colleges in 1913 fancied that they were stepping into a world where there would probably be no more wars, except for a short time, perhaps, in such outlandish places as the Balkans or Central America.

Even under the pressure of continual propaganda at home and abroad, the peace sentiment in the United States remained so firm that as late as November, 1916, the electorate gave Mr. Woodrow Wilson a second term on the platform: "he kept us out of war." The electorate did not know, what has since been revealed in the letters of Colonel House and in certain Senate investigations, that some months before, Colonel House had deliberately set

about "selling" to the President the notion that we must fight Germany, and that a month before the election there was a feeling of some certainty at 10 Downing Street, London, that after the November formality in the States, America could be counted on to see that England was not beaten. There followed an intensification of propaganda, culminating in the publicity over the so-called Zimmerman Note, which seemed to indicate a military menace on this continent. Mr. Wilson took office for the second time March 4, 1917. Just a month later (on Good Friday) he led us into the war which we had elected him to keep us out of.

The most astonishing and depressing phenomenon of those bewildering days was the mental state of the American people. A small group of Senators who insisted that our participation in the war was folly of which we would bitterly repent, were publicly branded by the President as

"a little group of wilful men," and overwhelmed with obloquy, sarcasm, ridicule, and vituperation of every sort in the press and on the platform.

One of the most popular of eastern university professors was so bombarded by warlike alumni that to save his position he had to make public recantation of certain expressions of admiration for Germany, and declare himself unequivocally for war against that country. A Harvard professor of English descent, who in 1912 had regaled his classes with anecdotes of his student days in Germany and the high state of civilization he found there, violently reverted to type. He engaged in a bitter public controversy with a German exchange professor, and took the popular view that the Germans were little better (if at all) than Huns. Hate and fear are highly contagious emotions when aroused.

**A**FTER the war, the reaction set in, and when the so-called depression revealed the full extent of the mischief in which this country had collaborated, an observer, forgetful or ignorant of the violent fluctuations of opinion in 1917, might have been tempted to say that no people could possibly detest the very idea of war more than we Americans; that we were so completely disillusioned about the ghastly business that never again would it be possible for any group of propagandists to lead our sons to the slaughter. Unquestionably, this is still the temper of the vast majority of the American people.

But it is one thing to be against an evil in the abstract sense, and quite another to oppose it in some concrete and intimate form.

We are being subjected, and have been for many months past, to a continuous and more or less subtle propaganda whose purpose is to shift our attention from war in its vague, general, and most detestable aspects to a consideration of it as touching our interests closely. The skillful engineers of this propaganda know that a man determined not to spend money will succumb if he sees an attractive article before his eyes, that the reformed drunkard who hates alcohol cannot resist the smell of it.

Since the Munich Settlement the propaganda has been intensified. There has been a patent effort, emanating sometimes from very lofty sources, to arouse fears of Germany, Italy, and Japan, and to fuse all the little private animosities of this western portion of mankind, into one gigantic paean of

hatred against the "dictator" countries, as against the central powers in 1917.

I should have said two or three years ago that this maneuver could not have succeeded a second time—that the American people, twice bitten, twice shy, would see the bait and avoid the trap. But since the Munich Settlement I have been less optimistic. For I have been talking, in these recent days of anxious stress, with many persons, not a few of them Catholics (some of them old enough to remember what happened in 1917), who looked at me with the same old gleam of fanaticism in their eyes, while they declared that Chamberlain had betrayed the cause of democracy at Munich, and that it was high time the civilized nations joined together to stop Hitler.

They were not all ignorant of what this implied. Some admitted that the alternative to the Munich Settlement would be a war, but they were ready with the glib explanation that the war had to come anyhow, and would be only more bloody if postponed. Underlying their fanaticism, a badly informed fanaticism at that, was the fatalistic assumption that another world war could not be prevented by the free will of human beings; and that the United States could not stay out of it.

Now this facile assumption that the participation of the United States in any future European war is inevitable, is demonstrably as fallacious as it is dangerous; indeed, it proves so weak upon examination that one is forced to the conclusion that it can originate only in the minds of those who, for one reason or another, desire war. No one is attacking us now, and it is surely neither sound international law nor good Christian ethics to arm against some nation on the vague theory that it *may* conceivably become our enemy at some future time. The warmongers now sedulously at work in the United States are attempting, however, to make the danger seem more immediate than that. They would have us believe that the world is divided into two hostile and irreconcilable groups: on the one side, England, France, and Russia; on the other, Germany, Italy, and Japan.

**E**VEN this division is not as hard and fast as the advocates of an ideological world would believe. In fact, they are only too uncomfortably aware that the peace of Munich revealed the weakness of any such attempt to divide the world into sheep and goats on secular lines. Thanks to the courageous decision

of Mr. Neville Chamberlain at a moment when he held the fate of Europe in his hands, a wedge has been driven through the fiction that England, France, and Russia were all essentially "democracies" with common interests. Communism has suffered a serious setback, and Russia has been excluded from Western European policy and left to face an expanding Germany in the East. In this very fact lies a measure of safety for England and France, and it is conceivable that both may be driven by future events to a closer understanding with Italy and Nationalist Spain, an understanding which would shatter both the artificial world alignments.

Similarly, the alliance of Germany, Italy, and Japan is bound to be weakened in such measure as it is a defensive alliance against world Communism. There is no other real bond between these nations, and the destruction of the confederation against them would reveal how little real love or common interest exists among them. Their enemies, including our American jingoes of high and low degree, are doing their best to maintain the artificial alignment of the so-called Fascist powers by linking their names together on all occasions with contempt and opprobrium.

**S**O-CALLED ideological groups are no more permanent than the free will of the minorities who direct the policies of nations; they could be rearranged in various ways—by an alliance of France and Italy, by an alliance of Nazi Germany and Bolshevik Russia, by an understanding between England and Japan; but even if this were not true, even if we granted, as we do not grant, the permanence of this arbitrary division of the world, the United States of America would have all the more reason for striving by all means to maintain a strict neutrality. For if these groups are fairly equal in resources, both military and economic, if each one is menaced by the ambitions or fears of the other, neither one will dare attack an outside power whose influence could and would be decisive. No informed person doubts that the side on which the United States takes arms and pledges its enormous reserves of money, man-power, and physical resources, would be victorious. Later, we should pay for the victory at usurious rates, as we have for the triumph of 1918. But we should win the war.

This places in our hands, like a providential gift, a tremendous power

which we can lose only by the Pyrrhic victory to which the real enemies in our midst are inviting us. We are in the happy position by which England was able in two centuries to rise from insular obscurity to world power. No one could have imagined at the close of the fifteenth century that France and Spain, newly conscious of nationality and entering upon the road of empire, would ever be despoiled and humiliated and bullied by the small island that Latins considered a semi-barbarous outpost of the world.

Cardinal Wolsey has generally been given credit for inaugurating the policy by which this process began—a policy that became a cornerstone of English diplomacy. It was simply this: never to be drawn into a war on the continent unless it was clearly to England's interest

be best for England, and allow her to step in as mediator at the end. The increasing evidence that Franco would be victorious drove England away from Russia and toward Italy, and doubtless played a part in preparing for the Munich Settlement.

If neutrality was strength for England, it will be infinitely more useful to us, and there will be less excuse for us to forego it. England had always to consider the possibility of starvation, of invasion, of economic domination. The United States is free from these dangers. We have everything we need for the support of our present population, and a much larger future one.

It is ridiculous to say that anything like a real invasion of this continent can be made, unless all the other nations in the world should combine against us, a consumma-

Or what would the Russians and Chinese be doing while Japan sent to California the immense forces it would take to subjugate our west coast?

The thing is nonsensical on the face of it, and will remain nonsensical so long as the other powers are divided by rivalries. Their very division is our strength and safety, and until that remote and perhaps never-to-be-realized day when the Communist and the Nazi and the Japanese Imperialist and the English Liberal, the lion and the lamb, oil and water, all unite in a single front against us, we are free to live with a minimum of reasonable defense and to keep here, even if all the rest of the world crumbles, a haven of safety containing all the elements of which may be built a prosperous and Christian democracy.



Camouflage, Drawing by Kerr Eby. Courtesy of Keppel Galleries, N. Y.

to do so. By keeping neutral, Downing Street was always able to arbitrate between the exhausted powers at the end of a war. She generally supported the weaker power, and thus in turn prevented now Spain, now France, from dominating the continent. Thus at her convenience, in the course of time, she plundered and all but destroyed them both; but she always took care not to be drawn into a war which would leave her too exhausted to enjoy her victory or which would place her at the mercy of a stronger ally.

Even in our own day this course has been followed by English statesmanship. England at first did not desire the victory of Franco, for fear of Italy. On the other hand, public opinion did not want Communism in Western Europe. Hence, English policy actually allowed both sides of the Spanish war to be aided, on the theory that a stalemate would

tion so remote that it can be safely ignored by our generation. Certainly, a world bristling with national enemies, a world divided into two warlike groups of conflicting ideologies, can be no menace to us while we remain neutral.

This is so evident that Mr. Bernard Baruch, and other friends of the administration who have obviously been trying to make the American people war-minded, did not venture to raise the bugaboo of German invasion of New England or New Jersey. South America was more useful for the purpose, and the cry was raised that Germany was preparing to invade Brazil or Argentina. But this is equally improbable. What would the vast Russian army with its huge air fleet be doing to Germany, what would England and France be doing, while the German aviators and machine gunners were fighting for Buenos Aires or Rio?

Nor does this imply a selfish preoccupation with our own affairs, or a refusal to bear our part in the common burdens of humanity. This is the argument of those who wish us not only to share in the burdens, but to carry them almost exclusively, even to our own destruction. Indeed, a powerful and neutral America would at all times be able to do more for any humanitarian cause than an America grown fat and cynical on another war, and plunged into another and greater depression.

This is only one aspect of the question. A still more important one perhaps, but one for which there is no space here for full consideration, is that another war would probably mean the end of American democracy and the beginning of a dictatorship which might make slaves of our descendants. Granting another war, that much seems inevitable.





DRAWING BY MARIO BARBERIS

"There appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony, He prayed the longer"



# Weakness and Strength

In the First of a Series of Articles on the Passion, the Author Describes the Interplay of Weakness and Strength, of Human and Divine, in Christ's Agony

By DAMIAN REID, C.P.

**I**T WAS in the Garden of Gethsemane, immediately following the Eucharistic supper, that Christ first encountered the active forces which were swiftly to account for His atoning death. There in that Garden, Christ, in prayer to His Father, deliberated the terms of His redemptive contract, and delivered Himself up to the physical assault which was to kill Him on the following day.

This period of time is referred to as His Passion, His adventure in suffering. It was not special in the sense that He had never suffered before, or that in this case He utilized some special mechanism of suffering. It was special in the sense that this suffering had been designated as the experience which would cause His death; and His death was to mean redemption.

The formula of redemption, consequently, called for a combination of two personal qualities—weakness and strength. The Redeemer must be a man who was weak enough to suffer and to die. But He must also be a man strong enough to accept suffering, and brave enough to die.

The whole point in this formula of redemption was that man should atone for man. The manhood of the Redeemer was not so riddled with exemptions from the natural handicaps of humanity that He would look like a stranger among other men. Physically He could be as weak as they. His body was as susceptible to aggression as theirs. When the scourge was laid on His back His skin broke, because His skin was weaker than leather. When the nails were hammered into His hands and feet, His muscles were torn, because His muscles were weaker than iron.

This sort of weakness was a necessary factor in redemption as it was planned. Christ's body had to be physically defenseless against certain types of attack. Christ's mind had to be defenseless against normally terrifying emotions.

This is simply saying that Christ shared in the average limitations of the average man. The average man can suffer and die. Christ could suffer and die. Redemption involved suffering and dying.

But strength was just as vital to redemption. The natural weakness which made the Redeemer liable to suffering and death needed to be complemented by a strength of purpose which would enable the Redeemer to go through with it. There had to be suffering and death; but there also had to be representation. Christ was paying off a debt in the interests of mankind. There could be no such thing as forging His name to a contract against His will. There could be no such thing as punishing and killing Him over His own protests. He must offer His life freely; and this offering must be kept free and fresh through each succeeding adventure until He died.

Then there was the divine element which pervaded the whole effort of redemption. The Redeemer was not only weak with the natural limitations of the human physique. And He was not only strong with the moral strength of human heroism. He was God. This was another of the principal features which made redemption possible as planned. Even though Christ died magnificently, His death would have no cosmic significance for simply that reason. Men had died magnificently before. It is quite possible, though perhaps not so fashionable, for men to die magnificently now. In the hierarchy of things the Redeemer should be a person of peerless social prominence. Complete justice was to be done to God. A new treaty was to be entered into with God. Business of that stature can be done with propriety only between equals. And consequently, the man who sat at God's conference table in the capacity of Redeemer was also Himself God.

**T**HIS interplay of weakness and strength, of the human and the divine, appears in that first episode of the Passion which covers Christ's experience in the Garden of Gethsemane.

We find there weakness of the most poignant kind.

"Then He saith to them 'My soul is sorrowful even unto death; stay you here and watch with Me.'" He was speaking to Peter, James and

John. The others He had left at the entrance to the Garden. We can imagine those words bursting upon the consciousness of the three with the effect of a bomb-shell. This was a drastic reversal of form. Christ had never gone to pieces before. He had always been the organizer and director of whatever enterprise He and the twelve had engaged in. He had never given any indication of being uncertain of Himself. His whole career had been a poised progression from one conquest to another. His teaching had been effortless and complete. He had answered questions with rapidity and decision. He had been the court of appeal for all problems that arose among the disciples.

**B**UT NOW, with a few words and a look, the Master has toppled the tidy little kingdom which they had spun out of their previous acquaintance with Him. Here He was, stripped of His self-possession and His calm; not befriending, but asking to be befriended; not seeming as if He could outface the world, but begging the favor of watchful companionship for an hour.

"And going a little further, He fell upon His face, praying, and saying 'My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me.'" We could not ask for more realistic proof that suffering was as hard a diet for Christ as it is for anyone else. There was never a time when He was unaware of the fate that eventually would catch up with Him. And while at any time He could rehearse it in detail in His mind and refer to it prophetically, we have no reason to think that He failed to practice that principle of personal psychiatry which He recommended to the rest of us: "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." We have no reason to think that He spent His life brooding over His death. That matter could be taken in stride. In the meantime other business had to be done.

So it was only now in the Garden that He permitted the full force of His terrible destiny to strike Him as an immediate fact to be dealt with in the present. He was afraid of the physical pain which confronted Him,

and He was afraid with a perfectly normal kind of human fear.

But there was another stream of anguish which originated in His higher nature and descended upon His human constitution with a crushing impact. He had to stand as the representative of sin. That meant that He had to stand disgraced in the only court whose opinion really counts. He was to be culprit and attorney for the cause of sin. And there could be no verdict but conviction.

While His human horror was to some extent concerned with His disgrace before men, it was much more largely concerned with His disgrace before God, His Father. Man may have played around with sin. But the person of man was low-caste in comparison with Him. He, being God, had to appear before His equals in the Godhead in a capacity at variance with their eternal sanctity. Being God, He had to face His angels, His servants, the product of His casual word, in a role that would shock them. If there is such a thing as gossip in heaven this would certainly set it off—God waiting at its tribunal as a convict.

He was innocent—certainly. And in our human way, we would think that His consciousness of innocence would nullify His divine embarrassment and turn the situation into mere play-acting. But the fictions of heaven are not the fictions of earth. He did not sin. But He was expiating sin. The full force of the rod of God was to be laid on some back. And the blows were not softened because they fell on One who was personally guileless. That circumstance was beside the point. The exquisite grief to Christ was that the anger of His Father and of all heaven was aimed at His person because He carried the infamous load of human crime. He was jeered at on the cross; but that was a small item of sorrow in comparison with the expression of Godly disgust that was being registered in heaven.

**H**IS BODY had to be fortified against a terrific ache of soul. So, the Gospel tells us: "there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony, He prayed the longer. And His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground."

These are the principal facts in the account of Christ's weakness in the garden. They are balanced by equally important facts attesting to His strength.

He did appeal to His Apostles to remain awake and alert and give Him the comfort of their conscious presence. He felt that adult counter-

part of the fright which a child feels when He awakes in the dark and everyone else is asleep. He did want companionship, but He wanted it only when it could be given with impunity. It would have been no drastic tax on the energies of His apostles merely to postpone sleep for the matter of an hour, but His weakness would not go beyond that in asking favors of His friends. He would not ask them to go to the Cross with Him. At least not now.

**C**ONSEQUENTLY, when the soldiers accosted Him and answered His question "Whom seek ye?" by naming "Jesus of Nazareth," His first thought was to protect His apostles—"If therefore you seek Me, let these go their way." Even though He would feel more and more the need of companionship as His Passion progressed, these men would never be able to suspect Him of the selfishness of requiring that they die with Him simply to alleviate a human sentiment.

That was strength, moral strength, which is essentially the rational control over human emotion which keeps it within bounds.

The same strength was in evidence during His Prayer to His Father. He had said "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me." But He had gone on to qualify that petition, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." We are not to understand that the latter part of this prayer was appended because Christ began to feel better. We must not interpret the situation in this wise—that He had experienced a severe attack of nerves, and that then suddenly His better judgment came to His rescue.

His destiny was not changed at all. Nothing was to be omitted that He had seen before. Life awaited with the same distressing fate. His soul was still sorrowful even unto death. But He gathered His strength into one effort. Redemption had to be done; and He would do it. "Father, not My will, but Thine be done."

He arose saturated and smeared with His own blood, and approached the Apostles who were still sleeping as they had slept through His vain appeals for wakefulness. He aroused them and spoke. And in His voice there was again the note of decision which they had always known before. "Rise up, let us go. Behold, he that will betray Me is at hand." The business of deliberation was over. The hour for action had struck. He had formally agreed to the terms of atonement.

The Gospels terminate the narrative of the agony with a casual statement which derives momentous sig-

nificance from this coupling in the character of the Redeemer of these two antithetical qualities—weakness and strength; the body that was weak as men's bodies are weak, and the soul that was strong as men's souls should be; the fear that will plead for easier rates, and the courage that will dare the task; the humanity which can teeter on the brink of compromise and the Divinity which is available to reach out and steady it. "Jesus, therefore, knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth."

The combination of these two qualities in Christ and the ultimate issue of His agony sketch a very clear picture of the ethical difficulties of human life and the only approved method of solving them. There are a thousand varieties of human weakness which make the execution of God's will a formidable job. And the job is in no essential way different from Christ's.

**J**UST because Christ was Christ, there is no reason to think He reacted to the pains of living by some unique process that is unknown to us. When He writhed on the ground at the prospect of torture and shame, He was not putting on an act. He felt exactly as any other man would feel who was driven to such an excessive demonstration of discomfort. When He prayed His Father to dispense Him from the necessity of undergoing His Passion, He was truly expressing His human reluctance to suffer so profoundly. When He asked His Apostles to remain awake with Him, he signified that it would have been a definite consolation to Him if they had done so. And when He stood up and went to meet the men who had been chosen to put Him through His assignation with death, He was only doing on a larger scale what any other man does when he summons his spiritual strength and fulfills a distasteful duty.

Weakness was as important as strength in executing the plan of atonement. Weakness is as important as strength in executing the plan of personal sanctification. The pages of history are reserved for names which are associated with great accomplishments, when they might have been associated with little ones.

The same is true of the muster roll of God's saints. That list is led by the name of Christ; and all its entries have qualified on the same conditions. They were weak enough to feel the agony of conflict, to shrink from pain, to dread the labor of emotional restraint. But they were strong enough in soul to go ahead and win despite their wounds.

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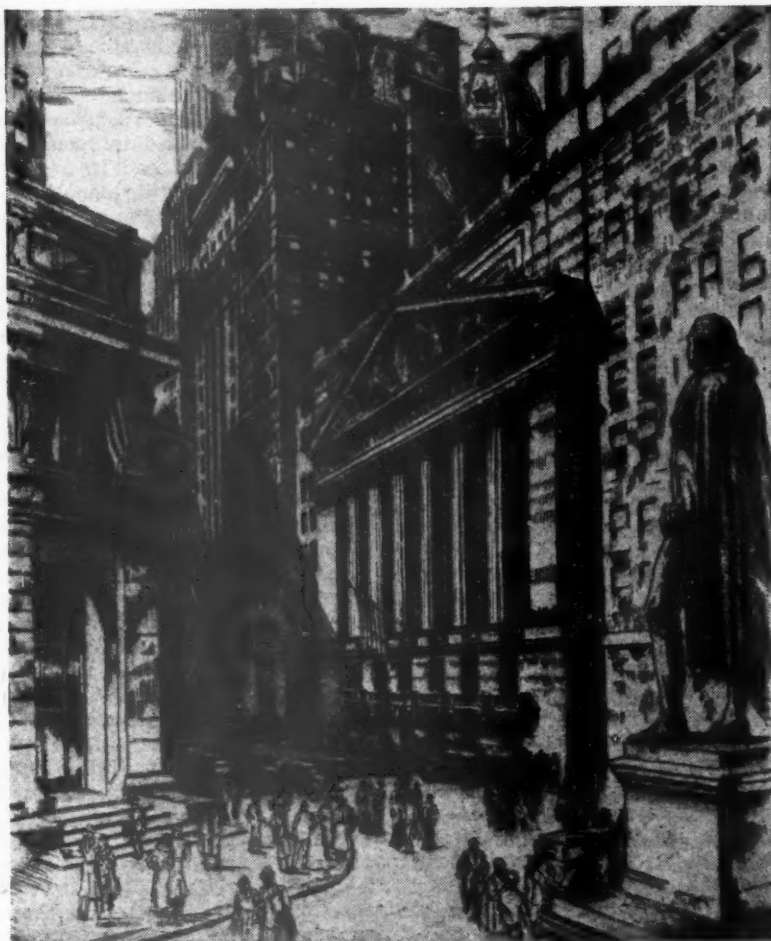
**F**EW subjects in the field of economics have aroused more popular discussion than that of money. The social history of any modern nation must devote many pages to the great crusades for monetary reform, constant concomitants of the dark days of distress and despair.

In these times leaders have arisen to show the way to a promised land, a land of freedom from the alleged tyranny of banker and money-lender. Debt-laden farmers and jobless workers have rallied to this cause, as centuries back the faithful rallied to earlier crusades against the infidel usurper. In America one such leader was nearly elected to the presidency. In Canada, a social credit government was given control over an entire province. In England, prominent litterateurs, engineers and clergymen have written philippics against the "unholy system of usury."

It is even alleged that the late Sovereign Pontiff attacked the monetary system in a pregnant and frequently quoted passage:

Immense power and despotic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few, and these few are frequently not the owners, but only the trustees and directors of invested funds, who administer them at their good pleasure. This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the lifeblood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production so that no one dare breathe against their will.

It is of the highest importance that the quotation cited above be interpreted correctly. If the monetary system (using these words in the sense given them by Bryan and his modern successors) is the source of the concentration of economic power which Pope Pius characterized as the dominant evil of modern economic society, then it is clear that a new



"Broad & Wall," New York Stock Exchange

## Money: Master or Servant?

Our Banking System is Subject to Occasional Abuses  
But It Is Absurd to State That It Is Basically Evil

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S. S.

Etchings by ANDREW KAROLY

approach to the study of social problems is imperative. Current Catholic efforts to secure labor reform and the establishment of occupational groups, and to fight Communism and the like, would automatically be judged to be useful but of secondary importance. They would be equivalent to the application of soothing poultices to a deep and growing cancer.

That issue must be faced clearly by Catholic thinkers. If the monetary system is essentially wrong, if

it is by its very nature the cause of the concentration of wealth and of depressions, then the first task of social reform must be the proposing of remedies for this basic evil. To evade such a duty would be to betray the cause of civilization.

Applying the words of our Holy Father to American conditions, it is clear that in our banking system an immediate distinction must be made between investment and commercial bankers. Investment bankers are



merchants of stocks and bonds. They open the channels through which the savings of the community flow into industry. Their function is to take care of the long-term, capital needs of business. Commercial bankers, on the other hand, are concerned with loans to industry. They supply the funds for the short-term, normal needs of business.

These two functions are *entirely distinct* both in fact and in law. Neither of these groups may exercise the powers of the other. Only the commercial banker is connected with the monetary system, as that word is ordinarily used. Only these bankers belong to the Federal Reserve System. They alone have the power to extend credit, to create money by the very act of lending.

In America most of the tremendous power ascribed to the "trustees and directors of invested funds" is exercised by the *investment bankers*. The great houses of Morgan, Kuhn-Loeb, and the like, are the real possessors of this "immense power and despotic domination." This control rests on three great facts, which may be outlined briefly. First, about six hundred giant corporations dominate over the key industries of mining and manufacture. By their position in these fields they have obtained a real grip on the American economic system. Secondly, in these giant corporations, because of stockholder lethargy, or some legal device, a few insiders have complete control. Thirdly, these corporations usually have sufficient reserve funds to enable them to finance their current needs without recourse to the commercial banks. For their long term needs, and for the stock flotations which are often necessary for the consolidations of their power, they must depend upon the investment bankers. As a result the key corporations of America are likely to follow the advice of one of the great investment banking houses.

**T**HE facts outlined are beyond dispute. The separation of investment and commercial banking was enjoined by the Banking Act of 1933. The control exercised by the 600 largest corporations in the strategic fields of mining and manufacture can be ascertained by consulting available statistics, such as those compiled by the Twentieth Century Fund in its study of big business. In these corporations, as has been demonstrated by Berle and Means in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, control is exercised by a small number of inside groups.

Finally, the existence of large corporate surpluses, freeing the giant

corporation from ordinary dependence on the commercial bank, is a matter of common knowledge to any reader of the financial pages. So likewise is the fact that these corporations, or holding companies dominating them, had frequent recourse to the securities markets in the 1920's, and that investment banking houses had representatives on their boards of directors.

**I**T is evident, then, that much of the power exercised by the banking system is lodged with the investment bankers. These men are completely independent of the monetary-banking system of the United States. Even if the radical changes were made in the commercial banking system, if every commercial bank in the United States were to be made a unit of the United States Government, still the power of these individuals would not be lessened. The "international bankers" are as completely divorced from the Federal Reserve System as is the United States Steel Corporation from the General Motors Corporation. Naturally, all of these groups have interests in common, as do all business men, but they remain essentially different lines of economic activity.

While it seems clear that the control over basic industry is exercised more by investment than by commercial bankers, several thorny problems remain to be treated before the latter can be absolved from blame. In particular it is necessary to consider to what extent commercial bankers control small business, and to what extent they exercise indirect control over all business, through the monetary system.

The essential function of the commercial banker is to loan money. His task is to supply the credit needs of business. When a merchant wishes to stock up for his Christmas sales, he usually is unable to finance such a heavy transaction with his own funds. He must go to the bank and obtain a loan to enable him to buy his stock. Likewise when the contractor is about to build an apartment house, he will need credit. In fact, with the exception of the few corporations large enough to handle their own credit needs, there are practically no important small business enterprises which do not depend at one time or other upon their local banker for business loans. As a result, it would not be untrue to say that the banking business is most important as a lending business.

When the banker makes a loan, and grants to the borrower deposit credit, he ultimately must honor this loan by paying cash on demand. The

merchant and builder contract bills with out-of-town firms. They pay by check, drawing on their account with the banker. He in turn must either transfer cash to the out-of-town firms, or give them deposit credit, which in turn must be honored on demand. Naturally, then, the banker is concerned with the soundness of the business to which he has lent his money. Since he must pay his deposits on demand, he must in turn be sure that the collateral behind loans is sound. He must check on the business practices of any prospective borrower.

Such supervision, however, gives the banker considerable control over the firms which come to him. They are compelled to conform to his standards of good business practice, under penalty of being denied a loan. To that extent they are in his power. In the words of Pope Pius XI: "This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who because they hold and control money are also able to govern credit and determine its allotment." The power to lend is to a considerable degree the power to rule.

**P**OPE PIUS XI goes no further in his statements on the problem. He simply asserts that the control of money is at the basis of modern economic domination. By applying his teaching to American conditions, it was seen that this domain was divided, sovereignty being exercised by the investment bankers and the commercial bankers. Big business was influenced by the former, and little business by the latter. It was furthermore evident that such an exercise of power was a natural result of the legitimate functions of these groups. Investment houses have a real interest in the soundness of the securities which they sponsor. Banks have a rightful concern over the practices of firms whose notes they hold. Accordingly, this tremendous power is a natural result of legitimate functions.

As long as firms derive long-term capital from the sale of stocks and bonds, and short-term funds from loans, so long will this power be exercised. Any change in this practice would literally be revolutionary. It is hard to conceive of any alternate method of financing modern business. As a result, then, we must conclude that the only reforms possible must center around abuses of this power. Given modern large-scale business, banker control is inevitable; the problem, then, is to see that such control is exercised in the interest of the general welfare.

The powerful passages of Pope



Pius XI, quoted sometimes as indictments of the modern banking system, seem rather to refer to abuses of a legitimate power. One further complaint remains to be examined: that the commercial banking system *indirectly* causes the unemployment and misery of today. It is asserted that, since the modern banking and monetary systems are closely united, the banks cause a shortage of money and thus are responsible for many of the miseries of modern society.

It is claimed the modern banking system abuses its monetary privileges in two ways: in using a public function for private purposes; and in causing unwise expansion and contraction of money, and hence booms and depressions. Regarding the first accusation, it is asserted that the issuance of money, whether in the form of currency, or in the indirect form of bank deposit credit, is a government function. Delegation of this function is assumed to be a violation of the constitutional provision which restricts to Congress the power to issue money.

Yet it is extremely difficult to consider the modern banking system as a private institution. Since 1935, the majority of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System has been appointed by the President. The monetary policies of this system are decided by these government officials. In addition most detailed rules and regulations for the conduct of banks are imposed from above. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, a government agency, has broad powers to regulate almost every detail of banking practice. It would seem that the only further step the government could take in this direction would be the nationalization of banks. Since bank credit is created by

loans, the only recourse left to the nation, if it is dissatisfied with present banking ownership, is the making of the government the nation's banker. Surely our present standards of civil service would not permit such a step!

It has been frequently asserted that the banking system causes business booms and depressions. Some say that the bankers do this deliberately so as to foreclose on the wealth of the community. They claim that bank loans are mere bookkeeping entries which cost the bank nothing, but that they are repaid by "real money" or by the collateral pledged for loans. Thus the banks are supposed to profit by causing price changes and the resultant liquidation of loans.

Such an analysis, however, receives its *reductio ad absurdum* in the eleven thousand bank failures since 1920. If the principal of bank credit were pure profit to the banks, they long ago would have owned the homes and farms, the mines and factories, the streets and post-offices of the nation. They would be the only stockholders, the only creditors, the only financiers. The entire wealth of the nation, public and private, business and personal, is valued at about 250 billion dollars. If the total annual loan maturities in the last forty years were only six billion dollars a year, then the banks would now own America. Banking may be

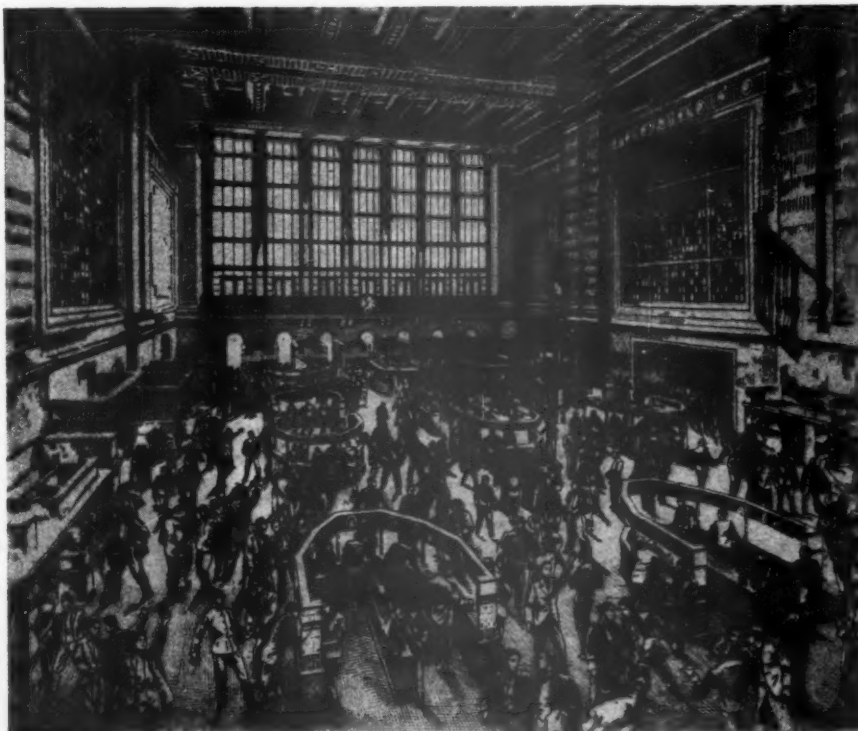
profitable, but not to such a degree!

What really happens is rather simple to understand. Bank credit is usually converted into cash by those who enjoy these loans. Even when checks are re-deposited in the same bank, the bank is not absolved of its liability. It has simply transferred it from one account to another. The only way that this deposit liability can be extinguished is by the bank's payment of cash. When this is done, it is only natural that the bank should expect to be repaid for its loan.

Many, however, including highly reputable economists, maintain that the banks cause business fluctuations, not through malice, but through their inability to control the two-edged weapon of credit. No banking system, it is asserted, is able to prevent wild inflationary booms and the consequent reaction into the trough of depression. As a result, it is claimed, the banking system should be deprived of its discretionary power to expand or contract credit. Banks should be compelled to keep a cash reserve of 100 per cent, and to loan to that limit and no further.

It would be impossible in these limits to analyze the claim that bank credit expansion and contraction causes business fluctuations. It can simply be asserted that a careful analysis of the banking policies, day by day, for the period 1928-1938,

has convinced many persons that the banking system is passive, not active in the face of business changes; that banks increase or decrease loans because of business changes and not vice versa. This was clearly evident during the last few months when excess bank reserves have passed the three billion mark. Surely these banks would prefer to lend and not to keep their funds idle, yet poor business conditions have



A busy day on the New York stock market

made sound loans a very limited commodity. As a result, with billions in potential bank credit, with every incentive offered for expansion by the Federal Reserve System, the banks must wait upon a business revival.

Nor is it easy to see how the banks can be blamed for the 1929 depression. Business boomed for months after the Federal Reserve System made some feeble attempts to check a wild expansion. Only very much later did the crash come. Any casual link between the two actions is difficult to discern. Rather it seems that if anything is shown by the banking policies of the last ten years, it is the complete helplessness of the banks to influence business in one way or other. Undoubtedly once the depression started the contraction of bank loans contributed powerfully to the downswing, but this is a necessary result of debt, not an evil of the present banking system. As long as debt remains, no matter how it is created, it will be a disruptive influence in a period of badly falling prices.

Not only does there seem to be little positive justification for a change in our banking system, but there are also definite objections to the policy of 100 per cent reserves. In general it might be noted that all the evils of the old banking system, abandoned in 1914, would be accentuated under the proposed changes. Bank credit would be dependent on chance distribution of savings. Farms in the midwest would be starved for funds, while overloaded eastern banks made loans on the security markets. Money would be idle in some sections and at a premium in others. Such a system would cause business fluctuations which would really be catastrophic in nature.

**A**NY close study of the present-day banking system, and the medley of opinions given by experts seeking to better it, leads to three definite conclusions: that the banks are as helpless as any other business group in the face of depressions; that they suffer as much as other businesses;

and that the Federal Reserve Banks in particular are not making great profits.

The pathetic inability of the banking system to do anything about depressions is apparent from the variety of remedies offered from all sides. A few years ago we were told that devaluation was the remedy. Later it was remonetization of silver. The failure of both of these policies is a matter of history. Some would try the perilous path of direct inflation, but fortunately their number is not great. Most people realize that the essential function of inflation is to frighten people into purchasing goods before prices rise and leave them in the lurch. But they also realize that after this first flurry business remains in the doldrums, for consumers with heavy inventories need buy no more until they are exhausted. The only remedy for that situation is a still heavier dose of inflation, a repetition of the same process, and then ultimately, ruin.

**M**ORE refined suggestions of professional economists achieve no higher degree of unanimity. Most of them agree that there is enough money in the banks. With billions in excess reserves, this fact could hardly be overlooked. But they cannot suggest a way of getting these funds out as loans, when business conditions make loans a suicidal risk. They know of no way of making the depositors spend this money, when the unsettled state of affairs makes security the all-important goal. Out of professional loyalty they talk in terms of confidence, and the like, but in their hearts they realize that business confidence is more a *product* of an era of spending, than a *cause* of it.

While this controversy over their future fate continues, the banks are not in a very happy way. It is an open secret that scores of them are lending money at one and two per cent. They are making so small a profit on their investments that they find the imposition of service charges and the reduction of clerical staffs to be an imperative necessity. Thou-

sands of them are averaging less than six per cent a year on their stock, while industrial corporations of similar size are getting over ten per cent in the same years. It must be with a grim smile that bankers read about their tremendous profits.

Nor are the Federal Reserve Banks an exception to this rule. By law they may not pay the subscribing banks more than six per cent on their stock, and in recent years they find it difficult to earn that amount. Even were they to receive profits over that amount, the disposition of these funds is left to the decision of Congress. The member banks receive but the legal limit on their stock (and their stock holdings in the System are only about three per cent of their capital). All this adds up to one picture: the caricature of the banking system as a vulture fattening on the victims of a depression is patently false. Its truer place would be that of chief mourner.

Once again, then, it appears that the problem of banking is that of the occasional abuse of the system, rather than some basic and intrinsic evil. The real remedy would be the democratizing of industry, according to the ideals of Pope Pius XI. If control of industry were entrusted to "vocational groups," associations of employer, employee and public, then responsible decisions would be put into the hands of responsible groups. The concentration of economic power would be cut off at its source. The banking system, investment and commercial, would be reduced to its true function and made an important subsidiary of industry, but only a subsidiary.

If the analysis given above is correct, Catholic thought has been sound in its insistence upon education, organization and legislation in social matters. It has rightly refused to follow the chimera of monetary reform. Our problem, then, is not that of changing the course of present developments in Catholic social thought, but that of pressing more firmly and intelligently along the lines laid down by the great crusading Pope now called to his rest.

### Sufficiently Rebuked

Professor Henry, of Queen's University, who was recently married, has a certain reputation as a wit, and I think this is one of the best examples of him as such. The story is well known at Queen's.

With a few minutes still to go before a class was due to terminate, the students began to get restless, shutting their books and looking significantly at the clock. Professor Henry observed this in silence, and then drew himself up and remarked in his sweetest manner:

"Gentlemen, I still have a few pearls to cast!"

"Observer" in the "Irish News"

### Chinese Don't Worry

When Tom Steep first went to China he worried because the Chinese didn't seem to worry. Finally he stopped an elderly, scholarly gentleman of the old school.

"Ever since I've been in your country," Tom said, "I've been disturbed by one thing. In my country people worry. If we don't worry about what is going to happen, we worry about what has already happened. You Chinese never seem to worry about anything. Why is it?"

The Chinaman pondered and then replied: "Do you know, my friend, that is one of the things I have never worried about."

Bud Ekina, war correspondent. From the "Listener's Digest"

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# JENNY WREN GOES ON PILGRIMAGE

By Enid Dimmis.

ONE thing that man-born of woman is expected to do—so definitely that it practically goes without saying—is to grow old as the years go by. But in the case of Miss Jenny Rennet (she had quite forgotten that she had been christened Jane) the law of nature apparently failed to operate. True, she waxed old in the matter of wrinkles and rheumatism but in other respects she remained as young as ever.

In her mind Miss Rennet, or "Jenny Wren" as she had been irreverently nicknamed, classed herself with the youngsters. Without possessing a scrap of vanity she had the habit of dressing in an absurdly youthful style. Her elders (people about twenty years younger than herself, chronologically speaking) had long since given up trying to restrain her naïve desire to wear a hat the merits of which she judged without any reference to the countenance that she pro-

posed to place underneath it, the truth being that Jenny Wren paid so little attention to her countenance that she had almost forgotten what it was like. Her youthfulness came from within and would have controverted the assertion of any mirror.

Miss Rennet really was a marvel. Her three-score-years-and-nineteen sat lightly on the little old lady who entered into all the activities of the very flourishing Catholic church at Crumplestead. Crumplestead was proud of its Catholicism. It possessed an apostolic priest and a gang of zealous young people who were ready to make things hum.

Jenny Wren was of course in the hub of things. She had plenty of spare time, if not too much spare money. She sewed on Thursdays and listened to all the lec-

tures given in the Parish Hall, whatever the subject; and moreover, put in a regular attendance at the Whist Drives. She was even an interested, and perchance wistful, onlooker at parochial dances. Jenny felt at home with the young people. With the grown-ups she occasionally felt that she must sit up straight on the edge of her chair, as it were. But with the young folk she felt one of them. She suffered contact with her own generation with a good enough grace, but her hankings were for the young people. She felt so young herself, so why not?

When the Catholic Action lecturer came along, Jenny Wren was thrilled to the marrow. He spoke to them about the various groupings of "Young Christian this-that-and-the-other." Miss Rennet sat in the front row (lecturers sometimes didn't throw out their voices properly). She was wearing a light green hat with a high crown that tapered to a point—a thoroughly saucy hat. It had taken her fancy in a shop window. It looked comfortable and as though it might keep on all right. She heard all about the Young Christian Workers and the Young Christian Students, and wondered if there were a section which she might join. She had tackled a Study Circle with great courage.

When the question of pilgrimages came up Jenny Wren was well to the forefront. She had made all the pilgrimages in her day— Lourdes, Lisieux, Paray; and, of course, Walsingham which she loved best of all because there were less comforts and conveniences in the journey. Miss Rennet had definite views about pilgrimages; as someone had said, they were not picnics. The return of England to the Faith was, moreover, her outstanding preoccupation. She had prayed for it every day as long as she could remember. Jenny Wren was vehemently out to get England converted.

The pilgrimage suggested on this occasion was a new one to a shrine of Our Lady which had been recently revived by a zealous pastor in the vicinity of three holy wells, very like those at Walsingham. There had been a shrine there in the old days, and pilgrimages, and the revival of the devotion showed signs of catching on. There was a small, very poverty-stricken, Catholic church at Three Wells, as the village was called, where the shrine had been erected. It was about twenty miles from Crumplestead, by train, and then a five-mile walk from the railway station. The young folk of the parish enjoyed hiking and would think nothing of that.



When the pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Wells was duly announced for a coming Saturday afternoon, Jenny Wren pricked her ears under her green steeple-crowned hat. Her young heart danced for joy. "What a pity there's such a long way to walk," Mrs. Collis, the wife of the Catholic grocer said to Miss Rennet. "I expect you would have liked to join in."

Jenny's reply was given with decision.

"**B**UT I am going," she said, "Why not?"

"What, with ten miles to walk?" Mrs. Collis stared at her.

"You couldn't be thinking of such a thing, Miss Rennet."

"Indeed I am thinking of it," Jenny retorted. "I can manage five miles each way, with a nice rest in between at the shrine." She straightened her back and drew herself up, the steeple-crowned hat helping her out in the matter of inches. She stood firm on the skinny legs that appeared to disadvantage under her girlish skirt. "I'm as good at walking as I ever was," she said.

Mrs. Collis persevered. "But it's for the young people," she said. "Them that's called the Y.C.W.—the young Christian walkers, I take it that means—or at any rate, the young Christian something-or-other." She emphasized the "young."

Jenny held her ground manfully. "I've been told that anyone may join in," she said.

"I'd be sorry to try," Mrs. Collis said, "and I'm only just turned fifty."

"Ah," Jenny told her, "but you would forget all about being tired when you saw Our Lady and knew that she was going to convert England. Think of all the lovely good people that the Holy Father wants in his fold—him breaking his heart and blessing the lot of them from his balcony. I can't understand how they can treat the Holy Father as they do. I'd trudge a good few miles to get Our Lady's prayers for them, that I would."

Jenny Wren was a bit out of breath after this long speech.

"Well," the lady behind the counter said, "I should call it exceedingly imprudent of you, Miss Rennet, to undertake such a thing."

Others said the same, and with even greater emphasis. The effect upon Jenny was that she learnt prudence to the extent of keeping to herself her intention of making the pilgrimage.

It appeared that Mrs. Collis was right; the prospect of a ten-mile trudge kept off pretty well all those past the age which makes a pastime

of hiking. About twenty young people under the leadership of Father Melling marshalled themselves on the platform of the railway station, awaiting the train which would take them the first twenty miles of the journey.

John Egan, server-in-chief, was on the look-out for Doreen Collis with whom he was friendly. There was a tendency amongst the pilgrims to pair off. "All to the good," Father Melling said, for he had a horror of mixed marriages.

"I believe old Jenny Wren would have come along if she had been encouraged," John Egan said to Doreen, as they stood together waiting for the train, which was just about due, "she's game for anything."

"Yes, and she adores pilgrimages," Doreen said. "But what on earth should we have done with her? She'd have dropped down after the first mile."

It was at that moment that the train steamed in. A minute later someone made a bolt from the deserted waiting-room towards the train, now standing in the station. It was Jenny Wren.

"**G**OSH!" John Egan said. "There she is, and she's coming!"

It was too late to do anything. The pilgrims were finding themselves seats in the various carriages. There was no one to intervene between Miss Rennet and her heroic intention. The latter made her way into a compartment occupied by a group of cheery young people. There was just one seat vacant for her.

Jenny settled herself and beamed round on the company. "That's all right," she said—"just caught it nicely." Her breath was rather short after the dash from the waiting-room.

"But, Miss Rennet, you are surely not coming on the pilgrimage? It's a five-mile walk each way from the station!" Barbara Yates, the President of the Children of Mary, was horrified at the notion. "And there is no bus to help beyond the first mile."

"Oh, I'll be all right," Jenny assured her. "I'm as good as I ever was on my legs. One would think I was an old woman by the way some of you talk."

A smile stole round the faces of the company. All the same, old Jenny Wren was going to be a bother. Why on earth hadn't she been told not to come? But then, she had taken care not to tell Father Melling of her intention—artful old thing!

Jenny sat in her seat and eyed the countenances round her with a sus-

picion of a misgiving. The Young Christian Pilgrims had, quite plainly, got no use for her. A feeling of discomfort crept over her. A feeling of being where she was not wanted.

She did her best not to be a spoilsport, although she thoroughly objected to chocolates on a pilgrimage. "Take a hard one, Miss Rennet," they told her when they presented the box, "you can put it in your shoe instead of a pea, you know, and make the walk more penitential."

Jenny entered into the joke so as not to be a wet blanket. Our Lady would forgive the young people for being in high spirits. She had herself been in high spirits when she started at the thought of visiting the shrine.

The railway journey over, it remained for the additional pilgrim to face up the others. They stood there, on the platform of the tiny country station, a group of hale and hearty young folk with Father Melling in their midst. The latter surveyed Miss Rennet with the strongest disapproval.

"You will have to engage a car if you wish to get to Three Wells," he said, rather brusquely. "It's a good five miles from here."

He eyed the quaint figure. The old, wrinkled face under the green hat and the thin ankles and flat feet under the abbreviated skirt.

But Miss Rennet had not the smallest intention of engaging a car.

"Why should I?" she inquired. "I'm an excellent walker, Father."

"But we are all young folk," the Father reminded her. "We step out pretty briskly, you know."

Jenny Wren rose to the challenge. "I can step out," she assured him. "The rheumatics haven't interfered with my walking; it's getting out of my chair when I feel them."

"How about your heart?" the other said. He had anointed Miss Rennet after two seizures.

"Oh, my heart's all right. Walking's good for it."

Father Melling gave it up.

**T**HE pilgrimage set on its way in good form. Jenny Wren stepped out with the best of them. They were certainly going at a great pace—young folk were in such a hurry nowadays, but pilgrimages were meant to be difficult. There was no need to slip a hard chocolate into her shoe. Doreen Collis and Barbara Yates walked on either side of her. Doreen had her eye on the receding figure of John Egan. They were lagging behind the main body.

"If we each got one convert from Our Lady, it would help," Jenny gasped as they trudged on. "Twenty



of us. That would be twenty returning to the fold." It was tiresome—this catch in her breath.

"I expect we are going too quick for you, Miss Rennet," Barbara said. The back of her erstwhile companion, Tom Blake, was at least fifty yards ahead. Her tone was just a little cold.

"I'm afraid I'm not walking as quick as the others," Jenny confessed. "You could not be expected to." Doreen's tone was as cold as the other's had been. "It was rather venturesome of you to come."

"Look here," Jenny said; "you two just go your own way and I'll follow. You are right, I should not have come along with the rest of you." The tears were in her eyes. Poor old Jenny Wren!

The C.O.M. President had an inspiration. "You could get the bus back to the station at the cross roads that we're just coming to," she said, "if you'd rather be getting back." To their surprise Jenny fell in with the suggestion with unexpected alacrity. "You get on," she said, "I can look after myself. You needn't wait for the bus, you'll lose the others if you do."

**H**ER companions, delighted to be relieved of their charge, hastened onward, ostensibly leaving the latter to wait for the bus back to the station.

But Jenny had no intention whatever of taking the bus. She had not said so. She had merely acquiesced in the suggestion to wait at the cross-roads. She was ready enough to wait a bit—and rest, and let the others get well ahead. Take the bus back to the station? Not she! She could go forward now at her own pace, and no one need be sacrificed.

But it was a lonely business walking along the dull, tarred road all by herself. She had so looked forward to the pilgrimage. She loved being in the company of young people. But they didn't seem to want her. She must be getting old. It was so hard to believe that she was seventy-nine—very nearly eighty.

She plodded on. An arm to lean on would have been a help. By the time she had covered another mile Jenny's legs were trembling, and her seventy-nine years were asserting themselves in the most aggressive manner. Sit down she must or else she would drop. But there were high hedges on either side of the tarred road. Our Lady's shrine must be still three miles on. She was coming to a village but it was not Three Wells. There was a notice: "Please drive slowly through Highfield." She saw the tower of the ancient church.



Someone made a bolt from the deserted waiting room. It was Jenny Wren

Perhaps she might be able to sit down for a bit in the churchyard? She was past walking another step.

The churchyard proved to be hospitable in its offer of a refuge. There was a porch with a stone seat where anyone might recline if they wished. She sank down upon it with a sigh of relief.

Jenny Wren glanced around vaguely. She saw the name: "Church of St. Mary the Virgin." So this was Our Lady's church? Had been, at one time. It would still be hers; you can't take things away from God. She liked the name, "St. Mary the Virgin." Over the old Norman doorway there was an empty niche.

She sat there, musing. Her legs had become as though they belonged to someone else. There seemed to be no breath left in her body: her head swam. And there were three more miles before she reached Our Lady of the Wells. At the moment the journey to the churchyard gate would seem hard of accomplishment!

Three more miles to Our Lady of the Wells. It was such a hard road, too, all uphill, and the sun was hot. But she could have done it, only the Young Christian Walkers had gone so fast. She doubted if she could do it now. She glanced up at the empty niche. Had it been Our Lady

of the Wells who had stood there once upon a time? At any rate it had been Our Lady, St. Mary the Virgin, with her little Son in her arms.

Jenny fingered her rosary. "Just one soul for the Faith, holy Mother," she murmured.

There was the sound of a footstep. Jenny opened her eyes. A young man was standing beside her. He had a very pleasant face—a good face. He had a big book under his arm. The Rector was in the habit of taking the ancient parish registers into his study and revelling in their contents. They dated back to 1460 and he loved to link himself with the past—with the rectors whose parishioners had left the quaint bequests recorded in the entries. He was taking the book back to its place in the vestry when, there in the porch, he encountered a quaint figure which might well have been that of the wife of Jack-the-candlemaker. The ancient dame in short skirts and a steeple-crowned hat was as much the product of the period of which he had been reading as of the modern fashion.

The stranger greeted Jenny, having satisfied himself that she was not a ghost. "Were you wanting to get into the church?" he asked. "I have the key with me. I generally leave it open."

Jenny explained herself. "Thank you, I'm just resting," she said. "I am—I was—on my way to the shrine of Our Lady at Three Wells."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of it," the young man said. "The Romans have put it up lately in their church. But it's a good three miles from here, and uphill all the way."

"I wouldn't have minded that," the little old lady in a pointed hat said, "I was with the pilgrimage from Crumplestead, but I couldn't keep up with the others. We were going to pray to Our Lady for the return of England to the Faith."

THE other smiled, a grave smile. "The Faith will come back to England some day," he said. "We must be patient."

"I try to be," Jenny said, "but we must be doing something to help it." She glanced up at the niche over the door.

"That was where she stood—Our Blessed Lady—" she said. Then she added in a half whisper, "but she's gone now." Her little sigh was more one of contentment than regret.

"But she will come back," the Rector said, softly. He was thinking of the design for a new statue to fill the niche which lay on his study shelf. He would have to wait until

the old squire joined the majority for he was a hopeless old back-number. Then he repeated. "We must be patient."

The little old lady from the middle-ages was looking at him rather sternly. "She came back to me," she said, "because she knew that I'd tried to go to her. I would have gone the whole way, uphill and all, but my legs wouldn't carry me. But"—she gave him a shrewd look—"you're young and strong. It's up to you to go to her."

HE stood silent for a moment before this queer little woman, with her authentic contact with the age of pilgrimages—and Faith.

She was offering him a challenge. He knew the terrible little mean building where the new shrine stood, and all the strings of his heart clung to the church of St. Mary the Virgin.

He answered defiantly. "But it's a hard road, and its uphill all the way."

"All the better for that," Jenny answered. "It was no easy road to Bethlehem for those that went there to find Him with His mother."

She made an attempt to get up onto her feet. She might so well have come out of the past, yet she was so definitely, so disconcertingly, of the present. So *real*.

"I'll be getting home," she said. "There's a bus at the crossroads that will take me to the station. Our Blessed Lady has been good to me!"

"You were able to get a nap," he said, making the affirmation firmly. "But if I bring my car round I can get you to the station in time to catch the 5:20. There may be time for my housekeeper to get you a cup of tea, or something."

That was how it fell out that Miss Rennet arrived home from the pilgrimage in fine style in a car, for the kind young gentleman with a holy face had insisted on bringing her the whole way. He deposited her with her landlady in a state of semicollapse, but radiant, withal. She whispered to him as she thanked him:

"I asked Our Lady for one soul for the Fold; and for the dear Holy Father who blessed you all from his balcony."

The Rector had intended thinking out his Sunday's sermon on the homeward journey, but somehow his thoughts would return to the quaint little old woman whom he had taken for a ghost—the shade of the candlemaker's wife. She was far more a thing of fact than he was. Far better might he be the phantom representative of the long line of

flesh-and-blood pastors which had ended when the candleman no longer made candles for superstitious purposes.

He had reached the gate of the old Rectory. A welcoming light shone in his library window. He glanced ahead of him—along the road to Three Wells. It was a long, bleak road; and it was uphill all the way.

Jenny Wren paid toll duly for her adventurous participation in the activities of the Young Christian Walkers. Her poor old legs continued to have no strength in them. She sat in her chair and said her rosary and took as keen an interest as ever in the Y.C.W. and other groups of apostles. It seemed that the former were workers, not walkers, so there still might be a link between them for she was still good for a bit of sewing.

One day John Egan arrived in a hilarious mood. He brought Doreen Collis with him; they had just become engaged and Jenny doted on a romance. It happened to be her eightieth birthday.

"Do you know, Miss Rennet," John said, "we are going to put you at the head of a new section of Y.C.'s—the Y.C.O.'s."

JENNY perked up. "That's very nice of you," she said, "seeing that I'm not too active these days. What might Y.C.O stand for?"

John chuckled. "Guess," he said. "Young Christian Octogenarians. And you'll be Head and Tail, and President and Treasurer," he told her; "and pay your subscription to yourself, because you are the only young octogenarian in the shire."

"Octogenarian means someone over eighty," Doreen explained.

"There's lots of kick in you yet," John said, "notwithstanding."

Jenny nodded. She gave a token movement with a feeble foot.

"By the way," her visitor continued. "You were just in time to get that ride home the other day for I saw in the paper that the Rector of Highfield had given up and was going abroad. Bad health, I suppose."

"There now," Jenny cried, penitently, "perhaps the poor young gentleman wasn't as strong as he looked when he didn't seem to fancy the three-mile walk to Our Lady's Shrine at Three Wells." Then she brightened up.

"But perhaps if he's going abroad," she said, "he'll be going to Italy and he'll see the Holy Father. I did ask Our Blessed Lady for one soul for the dear Holy Father when she was kind enough to come and meet me on the way, as it were."

# Studying the Foreign Missions

By FRANCIS J. BOWEN

**I**N WRITING to students Archbishop Goodier remarked: "I cannot too strongly emphasize both the urgency and the value of the study of the missions and of all that is connected with them. Until recent times missionary work has been looked upon as being simply evangelization, and that mainly of the lowly and the ignorant. But now the whole world has awakened to the fact that we have come up against vast civilizations, in many ways as enlightened as our own, and if these are to be converted we must meet them on their own ground. . . .

"I wonder if there is anything which so broadens a man's mind, so opens up vistas of thought and real knowledge, as the study of civilizations older than our own, or of the mentality of races in many ways cleverer than ourselves. Thank God the movement on our side has begun in India, in China, in Japan, in Africa and Asia Minor. But at home this must be supported by the ablest men we can produce. If it is, then those men may be among the best of foreign missionaries, even though they may never leave their native land."

From this it is clear there is an intellectual side to the study of the foreign missions. So generally recognized has this become on the Continent of Europe that a new word has been coined for it—"Missiology". In Louvain, especially, is Missiology a very lively subject of scientific research.

When, therefore, Catholics are called upon to interest themselves in the foreign missions it is not merely to give a contribution to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, or to say an occasional prayer for the missions, but to study a most important branch of the Church's activity in the modern world. And in so doing it need not be thought that it is to a "dry as dust" study one is invited. Properly approached the study of the foreign missions is one of engrossing interest; for does it not embrace practically every phase of human activity? There is scarcely an aspect of literary, scientific or philanthropic research that is not reflected in the modern missionary life of the Church.

In the first place, it is essential to understand that in her work of

evangelization the Church is confronted with a two-fold problem. In the one case she goes to primitive races to bring them the blessings of civilization as well as the healing message of the Gospel. It is interesting to note that in this she is doing today the self-same work which she performed for Europe in the Dark Ages.

The modern missionary is doing exactly the same type of work with no less heroism today in the malarial swamps of Equatorial Africa, the islands of Oceania and the tropical forests of Brazil. The great trek of the White Fathers through Central Africa in the eighteen-seventies; the astounding mass conversions of Father Lievens, S.J., in Chota-Nagpur, and the self-sacrificing labors of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai show that the spirit of heroic adventure is never absent from the Catholic Church.

The work of the present-day missionary, moreover, is not less but even more successful than that of his predecessors of earlier centuries. It took the Church roughly a thousand years—from the 6th to the 13th century—to complete the glorious fabric of European civilization. In Central Africa our missionaries have been at work for scarcely more than a hundred years in a climate more deadly, yet Christian communities there are now to be counted by the hundred thousand while the Negro has been raised to such a degree of culture that the learned Doctor Schmidt, S.V.D., has declared he is now fitted for a University education. Already the need has been felt for a national African literature which will give adequate expression to the hopes and aspirations of the negro race.

**T**HE other and perhaps more difficult problem which confronts the Church in her foreign missions is when she comes into contact with alien civilizations, older perhaps than her own, and with a culture and philosophy no less profound. Especially is this the case in India, China and Japan. There among the higher classes she meets intellectual minds, cultured and refined, but steeped in habits and traditional codes of morality adverse to her own, which have become through centuries of practice ingrained, so to speak, in

their very life's blood as, for instance, the caste system in India and the ancestor worship of China. There the Church has to make her appeal on a higher and different plane.

The opposition she encounters is greater than that of less sophisticated races, and must be taken into account when considering the comparatively small numbers of conversions. The Church has to convince the keen and suspicious Oriental mind of the superiority of her message; how her philosophy alone can satisfy the highest instincts of the human heart and intellect; and how, when the East is turning as it is today to the West for instruction on the lines of modern progress, it is upon the high philosophical and spiritual ideals of Christianity that all that is best in our Western civilization is based.

**F**ROM this it will be seen there are many aspects under which the foreign missionary apostolate of the Church may be fruitfully studied. There is for example, well worthy of our study, such great undertakings as the Printing Press of the Missions Etrangères at Pokfolum (Hong Kong) where publications in more than 20 languages are produced, each of its own difficult and complicated script; and the famous Jesuit Observatories of Manila and Zikawei. In the fascinating field of archaeology may be found the labors of Father Delattre, of the White Fathers, which enabled the great Eucharistic Congress of Carthage to be held on the very site of Saint Cyprian's ancient basilica. No less interesting is the story of the rise of a native school of Christian Art in China which already in its achievements recalls the glories of the primitive schools of painting in Flanders and Italy. Finally the services of the missions to the cause of medicine and charity scarcely need recommending to the serious consideration of medical students and those engaged in social problems.

Whether, therefore, we consider the foreign missions under these various aspects, or simply as a record of thrilling and heroic spiritual adventure; in whatever aspect we approach the subject we shall always find it as intellectually stimulating as it is spiritually profitable to us.





With the few possessions she could salvage in her haste to depart, this old woman refugee waits patiently in the station at Prague for the train that will take her from the only home she has ever known

Wide World Photo

## Persecution Complex

The Nazis Have Made Self-Worship Their Tribal Religion and Persecute Non-Conforming Minorities

By W. J. BLYTON

**S**HOULD it prove true that the Nazi Party—whose genuine membership is only about one-twentieth of the people of Germany—proposes to follow, in anti-Church policy, in the steps of the Soviets, of Mexico and of the Red part of Spain, what are men of decent instincts and good will to think or do, beyond the obvious duty of prayer?

An answer will appear as we review some of the facts. First, I am certain, from fragments of information I receive from certain middle-European sources, that it is a mistake to imagine a certain aggressive Power has a unanimous nation at its back. Discounting some rumors, and checking wish-fulfillment reports by the facts, it is still certain that an unexpressed nausea is widespread among intelligent people at (1) the September war bluff, carried out without general knowledge, concurrence or support, against the Western nations; (2) the pitiless robbery, disfranchisement, maltreatment and expulsion of multitudes of innocent Jews; (3) the disgraceful dealings with prominent Christian leaders—Cardinals, Bishops, religious; as well as laymen and pastors of the confessional organizations; (4) the most recent of Hitler's undisguised aggressions—his march into Czechoslovakia. This nausea at what is being done by the leaders of the Nazi Party is increased by the realization among the better class of German people that they are being regarded beyond the borders of the Third Reich not as they once were, leaders of thought and culture, but as a menace to the very foundations of our common Christian civilization. Nor is this feeling confined to any particular group or social level.

That this discontent is felt in high quarters is shown by no less a person than Field Marshal von Mackensen, who pleaded for Pastor Niemöller (a war hero incidentally), offering to do without State or military funeral in return for fair play for the pastor. The effort came to nothing. It is shown by the "breaking" of the supreme Army Chief, Von Blomberg, and others. The Army may contain "junkers"—but they have a code which is outraged by the recent methods. Then there is Einstein, Max Reinhardt, Thomas and Heinrich Mann—and thousands of exiles as good as these, though not so famous.

The possibility now is, according to broad hints from the propaganda factory, that they will be joined, this year, by numbers of Catholic priests

and leaders "over the age of fifty-five or sixty"—all under that age being "retained for war service." What sort of war service can be wholeheartedly offered by the tens of thousands in concentration camps, by observers and informers who have to look after half a million beggared Jews, or by those of the Austrians or Sudetenlanders who were unwillingly annexed, plus a million Czechs, is not quite clear. It seems almost a pity to align Catholic feeling throughout the world further against the regime.

At the same time we shall be wise to remember that only thirty years ago, France—or its then Masonic Government—was playing havoc with the Church and expelling religious Orders. With what result? Further weakening of France and corruption of her politicians; until the great War, when the freethinker Clemenceau had to pocket his hatred and dig out a great Catholic soldier, Foch, to save the Army and the State! Another result (thanks to Providence, not the anti-clericals) was that monks and nuns went to Britain and elsewhere in great numbers, and set up some first-class schools, convents and hospitals, with marked effect upon the annual conversion figures among Anglo-Saxons. Since then the French laicists have been found out. A few have trimmed their sails with the changing times, become respectable, and one is in the running for the Presidency. And Cardinal Verdier of Paris is generally accepted now as the voice of the newer France!

**WE** NEED NOT exclude the possibility that a similar evolution will take place in Germany. The Catholicism I have seen there, in Bavaria and the Rhineland, is no weak-rooted thing. It can oppose to paganism something tougher than the pagan. Faulhaber, Innitzer, von Preysing, Karl Adam speak for one third of the people, quite apart from army feeling, "liberal" opinion, and the constitutionally moderate who have come to feel that Chamberlain and Roosevelt are not "encircling" anybody, but are showing extreme patience with a sort of Ku Klux Klan invested with power.

Members of what Macauley termed "the unsinkable Church" need not view what is coming in any hopeless mood. So far the spoliation is nothing comparable to what took place in Russia from 1919 onward; it is not so bad as the doings in Mexico, nor the mass murders by the cliques in Barcelona and Madrid. Nay, it is not so thorough and bloodthirsty—so far—as the Terror under Henry VIII and his butcher Thomas Cromwell in England, or the cruel recu-

sancy laws which lasted for a century or two later.

And more: Nazism is not a unique enigma. It is just one further variation on mankind's proneness to take short cuts and second-bests, to adopt some current temporal humanism or materialism and make a tribal religion of it in place of God, the soul and the Church. Commercialism itself may usurp that place: a point we should not allow ourselves to forget in this present crisis.

Now let us get to closer grips, and try to understand the spirit of this Nazism. It gets at many Germans so powerfully because it is an appeal to the imagination. Since Luther's time there has been a frequent strain of subjectivism in Germans, which has led them, as it led him, to live in an idea-world of their own making and to excogitate private religions. It is not an accident that "feeling" has been made an arbiter of truth by the Schellings, Schleirmachers and Ottos. Look at the "systems" that have come out of Germany from time to time. There is Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious," and Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea," and Hegel's easy notion that "only the rational is real"—i.e., only

what I myself think out is valid—and of course Nietzsche, with his "I will will Illusion" and "I will transvalue all values" and "Myself I sacrifice unto my love—and my neighbor as myself"! Even Wagner drenched his music and drama with myth and theory. Is it any wonder that Bismarck was uncomfortable in the presence of authoritative Christianity, and started an anti-Catholic *Kulturkampf*, which he lost?

Rosenberg, the pagan priest of Nazism, declares that his *Myth of the Twentieth Century* is not necessarily objectively true for others, but *shall* be true for the German soul: a new thing, German-truth. Once again they intend to be "justified by faith," a faith home-made and inborn, "not for export." It is no new thing, this Teutonic dreamy revolt against bounds and bonds, clarity and reality; other branches of the race (nearer home) share this truancy from reason, tradition and orthodoxy in some lesser degree.

So the very temperaments which most need the cultural and logical steadying of the Catholic norm in their midst, are most irked by it. They look less willingly on facts like being, universal outer standards of



Once a peaceful resident of Vienna, she is now Refugee No. 247

Wide World Photo

conduct, and a Catholic dialectic, than on "a becoming" which says little of what it is that is becoming, and to what precisely it tends.

Add that many Germans act and feel most in numbers, and that this nationalism suits the *schwarm* mood, making a few obvious visible demands in return for immediate power or trade or territory, and it is seen how it can be a religion-substitute for millions of the unspiritual who yet must have a driving, communal motive. It is a great vapor of popular feeling moreover which can be ignited or directed by leaders who share it. At one time, rhetoric can make it mystical, appealing to the titanism which has intermittently prevailed in German romanticism and music; at another, it can be shown as *Realpolitik*, with quick and large dividends paid, in security, self-sufficiency and prestige.

The average man appreciates prompt returns and successes that make a stir in the world; "delivering the goods" silences the doubts many entertained about certain excesses. The pace is so much swifter, and ministers to his own glory more than the true religion did, which asked more from him, and for ends which if finer were more delayed. So Dr. Goebbels continually cites the Leader's "miracles"—the word is his—as the credentials of the regime: "We are getting used to miracles," he exults. And they are all performed, it is implied, by having thrown off the non-Nordic ideas of charity, humility and mercy and similar "clerical mystifications." These ecclesiastical brakes being taken off, the chariot may drive where it will.

*Will*, indeed, is the new deity. "Urge" is not only a verb now to them; it is their chief noun. One loses count of the times the word "must"—applied to other States—is used in current German writings. It is true to say of any typical Nazi that he is "very full of himself."

**I**T IS NOT in the long run a safe thing to be full of. But on its plane, and for a time, it has its excesses. Nay, it has cast out of Germany more or less a number of real social evils, not always because they were against the moral law but because they were against the energy or efficiency of the nation as a secular force. In the drive toward that unity, however, it seeks equally to eject any higher controls, no less than the lower dregs, and does not see the difference between what may be an enemy of the State and a spiritual life which is above States, while blessing them as having true authority in their own sphere.

That the Church, the supreme sanction of national and world order, she who declares the magistrate does not bear the sword in vain, and who after "fear God" adds "honor the King" and "obey those set in authority over you," should incur the jealousy of any State or of any party in it, suggests a dim-sightedness and therefore a weakness so real that friends can only wonder what will become of this young Siegfried who proposes henceforth to get on without God. "Blood and soil and race" are only the gods of the earth beneath—creatures, effects, accidents and finite. Man has a bad habit of turning angels from his door, of not recognizing a Friend.

("... vallant dust that builds on dust,  
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard").

**B**UT others have tried to dispense with the supernatural. Our commercialism, for instance. The results were vulgarity, materialism and chronic social unrest. Communism is trying it and reaps increased rascality and graft. Militarism tried it, and earned insolvency and broken heads after raising against itself an inevitable coalition. Democracies have tried it, and have often achieved only wire-pulling, talk and commonplace.

For if weak humanity shirks thoroughgoing Christianity, it cannot live with blatant anti-Christianity; because Christian values (even where not recognized to be Christian) are absolutely necessary to human living. In Germany no less than in other European countries that have borne thinkers, a moral and spiritual world once opened and enlarged by Christianity can never again be shut, reduced or censored by order of a State bureau. Memories and imaginations can never forget what is over the prison wall, *verboten*.

The best German minds are peculiarly liable to be haunted by this hunger for the infinite, and specially unlikely to be taken in for any length of time by a local earth-bound theory. If bodies and wills in Germany are not free, millions of intelligences are; and of these a vast number are solving perforce the old problem of how to give a masterful surrounding society its proper allegiance, and reserve the central loyalty for the things of God. Persecution might cripple the earthly and social functioning of the Church till these were hardly visible, but it could not stop worship, individual or corporate, nor the sacramental life.

In other words, if winter comes there will not be death, but a retreat

of the sap. The altars will be served; and while that is done, the strong and patient germ of religious life is there, waiting for the first deaths and change which are inescapable by the course of nature and which will herald emergence from the catacombs. Such a life is still easier to lead in Germany than in Russia or possibly in Mexico; nay, easier for the Catholic in Germany at the present time than in England before the Act of Emancipation.

As for the time-serving Catholic, scared from his duty by the district leaders, we may leave him to the operation of spiritual law—

God, before Whom lie ever bare  
The abysmal depths of personal-  
ity,

Plagues him with sore despair.  
It has not reached the shedding of  
blood so far; and if ever it should,  
we might then remember another  
law, in the words of our own G. K.  
Chesterton:

That though you hunt the Christian  
man

Like a hare on the hillside  
The hare has still more heart to run  
Than you have heart to ride;  
That though all lances split on you,  
All swords be heaved in vain,  
We have more lust again to lose  
Than you to win again.

**G**ERMANY has a biological case in some recent demands. Those who resist such claims, on the other hand, are weaker on demographic grounds, but have law and even some morality on their side (especially in their reserves regarding the German manner of asking). Tragedy, it has been said, is the conflict of one sort of right with another sort. What does heighten surprise, in this instance, is the gratuitous complication of the issues by persecutions which, in Dryden's phrase, "are but the blindfold blows of ignorance." Sad that the one force in Europe sleeplessly working against German interests should be—German policy and diplomacy, with the highly expensive Ministry of Propaganda as a diligent second.

Is there no one in Germany clever enough, pro-German enough, to try the salutary effect of several months of passivity, of reassurance, of leaving well alone? In 1914, when the Wilhelmstrasse distributed ultimatums like circulars we never supposed that this hobby of collecting enemies would revive in 1938-39. A year or two of mildness and relaxation now would be the masterpiece of German policy. Can she stoop to conquer? We are "waiting for a gesture." But it is not only we who are waiting for it: so is Germany's destiny.



# Non-Catholics Don't Know Us

One of the Most Remarkable Social and Political Phenomena of Our Times is the Almost Complete Ignorance Prevalent in the World Today Concerning the Catholic Church

By HILAIRE BELLOC

**S**O FAR I have dealt with the particular points on which conflict arises between the Catholic Church and the modern world. I have written on each of those points separately—the conflict on the doctrine of the family, on the doctrine of property, etc. I propose now to deal with the first of the three most general aspects of this great affair.

I must begin by stating the main truth—that the three general issues in the discussion upon which I now embark are almost certain to increase in gravity as time goes on, and in my judgment the near future will sufficiently prove that.

After such a preamble I will now tabulate these three main issues I have in mind.

The first is the ignorance of the Faith and of the Church which prevails throughout non-Catholic and anti-Catholic society today.

The second is the converse of this: it is the ignorance of Catholics themselves upon the nature of the struggle engaged, and even upon the main functions of their own religion and upon the non-Catholic forms of religion.

The third is the gravest of all: the hatred of what is good and the consequent attack upon the Faith and its morals, upon the organization and life of the Church, by the conscious forces of evil.

Of these three great issues I take the first in my present article.

The modern ignorance of the Faith on the part of its opponents, the innocent ignorance of those who attack the Catholic Church indirectly, not of set purpose but by proposing policies and institutions incompatible with Catholic life, is less grave than the attack conducted by those who know what the Church is and who hate it because they are themselves evil and hate what is good. It need hardly be emphasized that the vast majority of those who in practice oppose the Catholic Church and her mission are of the former sort. Their action is involuntary. No one would be more surprised than they would be to hear that they are regarded as the enemies of our Faith.

The ignorance of which I speak is not exactly what the Church calls "invincible ignorance" when she is giving the excuse for the refusal of the Faith. "Invincible ignorance" means in that connection the frame of mind which cannot attain the truths of religion because it has no method of approach to them. In the same way a man who is completely ignorant of the Greek language and of translations from it is "invincibly ignorant" of the Greek classics, and the greater part of men are "invincibly ignorant" of countries which they have never visited or read about.

The general ignorance of which I speak is not of this character; it is merely absence of sufficient acquaintance with the past of our civilization which was framed by the Catholic Church, insufficient acquaintance with what the actual doctrines of the Catholic Church are, insufficient acquaintance with the order of importance among the various tenets, dogmatic, moral and of mere opinion, which are commonly found among Catholics.

This ignorance is one of the most remarkable social and political phenomena of our time. Here is the Faith which made our culture and which millions hold on all sides of them; yet they are ignorant of it. It is a matter for permanent recurrent astonishment. We find that ignorance in innumerable newspaper articles, innumerable histories, innumerable speeches by public men. We find it cropping up perpetually in common conversation. It extends from the least things to the greatest: from not knowing, for instance, the usual hours in which Mass is said to thoroughly misunderstanding the doctrine and implications of the Incarnation itself.

**T**HIS ignorance is more widely extended in countries which are in the main descended from a Reformation ancestry, but it is now becoming widespread even in countries of Catholic culture where what is called "laicization" of education and of institutions in general has existed for two or three generations.

It should be obvious that one of our very first duties is to appreciate this modern ignorance of the Faith and, so far as we are able, to dissipate it. The stronger it is, the more widely it extends, the more difficult the task of presenting the claims of the Faith to our fellow-citizens. Even the simple task of preventing direct or indirect persecution is conditioned by some sufficient knowledge of what we are, and this must include some sufficient knowledge of the past, when all the white civilization was permeated with Catholicism and produced by it.

**B**EFORE we attempt any instruction of our fellow-citizens on this matter we must begin by understanding clearly that it is quite separate from the truth or falsehood of Catholic claims. It is even quite separate from sympathy with, or distaste for, the Catholic spirit. The harm done by such ignorance and the corresponding good done by the dissipation of it are proper to any subject matter which ought to be known, and is, as a fact, not known. Perhaps this or that institution might be only the more unpopular if it were better known; perhaps it might be more popular; but whether it would be more liked or more disliked if it were understood has nothing to do with the value of knowing what it is. Until the right knowledge of something to which men are indifferent or opposed is acquired you cannot deal with that thing in any useful fashion.

A parallel case is the foreign policy of a government. If the men who conduct the relations between, say, England and Russia, are ignorant of things Russian, they will not be able to discharge their function; they will be guilty of every blunder and their efforts will be useless. It may be that the more they got to know about Russians the more they would dislike them, but that is a point wholly distinct from the necessity of at least knowing the material with which you are dealing.

Having said so much, let us consider what are the chief departments

in which such an ignorance appears.

I think the first of these in importance is the connection between any religion and the social culture which arose when that religion was the religion of most citizens. In general, culture is rooted in some religion: religion is the great formative force of a culture *always*. It is more powerful than race; it has more effect upon men's minds than a common language; therefore it more affects their actions than does any other social factor.

This is a truth so unfamiliar to modern men that even the bare statement of it often sounds fantastic and absurd. One hears men divided into "Teutons" and "Celts"; another very common division is between Nordic men and Latins. They are of course divided in nearly all men's minds by the names of the modern nations in which various communities are now organized. But the most important line of cleavage always lies between the *spirit* informing one group of human beings and that informing another. The origins of such an informing spirit are often forgotten. The forces of that spirit may have greatly weakened long before modern times were reached, but it is invariably true that a people or group of peoples are mainly what they are through the religion which prevailed when their society was being framed.

**T**HUS Europe today falls into three camps: the nations of Catholic culture, the nations of Protestant culture, and the nations which were framed under the influence of the Greek Church. The underlying issues dividing this nation from that—say, the English from the French—are of many different kinds. There are trade rivalries, rivalries of dominion, colonial rivalries, and sharp contrasts in social structure, apart from the general culture from which the nation derives: but the main character derives from one original religion. Thus England, which is of the Protestant culture, is the chief modern example of aristocratic class government still surviving, while Norway (which is just as much as England a part of the Protestant culture) is devoted to equality and to the democratic spirit. But England and Norway are both of a different tone from Aragon and Naples. Nor is the difference a matter of race.

When we are considering the different categories into which nations or any other things fall, there will always be any number of cross-sections; the important thing is to determine the main line of division. And, I repeat, the main line of divi-

sion in our white culture on the American continent and in Europe and wherever colonies of European stock have been founded is the division which has gradually grown up since the Reformation between the nations of Protestant culture and the nations of Catholic culture. Thus the unending contrast and conflict between Ireland and England which has been ascribed so often to race, or to this or that other factor, is essentially religious. The two nations misunderstand each other because they are informed by two contrasting and hostile spirits, the one pro-Catholic, the other anti-Catholic.

In the same way, the quarrel between modern Italy and modern England is deeper rooted and more bitter by far than the quarrel between modern England and the Third German Reich. Race has something to do with this, but it has not so much to do with such mutual hostility as has the contrast in the original religious culture of the North Germans on the one hand and the Italians on the other. The North Germans, who are the determining force in modern Germany, are essentially of the Protestant culture, the Italians of the Catholic.

In every section established by any main line of cleavage you will have innumerable modifications and ex-

ceptions. Where society has largely lost the religion in which it originated, its spirit is largely modified by that loss. When there is within a nation of such and such a culture a large minority of another culture, the presence of that minority obviously affects the whole body politic. When the wealthier classes are in the main of one culture their influence may make up for their lack of numbers.

Thus the French Protestants, though a tiny fraction of the French nation (hardly 5 per cent), have so much of the banking and trade and invested wealth in their hands that they count very much more than their numbers might make one think they would. It is also evident that when a nation has altogether, or nearly altogether, lost its original religion it is within measurable distance of losing the culture proceeding from that religion; yet the religious spirit of its original culture will remain long after the doctrines on which it was nourished have ceased to be held.

The next matter on which the ignorance of those around us affects our lives is the *order* of Catholic belief and practice. Thus a man who thinks that the use of images in a church is the salient and essential point in our worship is a man thor-

## Spring Morning

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

Again the clouds are sailing ships  
With rainbows at their prow  
Above each billowed hill that dips  
To green where a colt will browse  
Between the moods of leaps and prances  
Where light along the meadow dances.

Now boy and dog, by farm and town,  
Roll on the grass and chase  
Each other, and then, tumbling down,  
Sprawl grinning face to face,  
To leap again with barks and laughter  
And run for joy the world is after.

Now old men in the sun will stop  
And wait awhile to see  
How close a robin dares to hop—  
And some of them will be  
At pasture gates—with fingers turning  
A sugar lump for a colt that's learning.

oughly ignorant of Catholic things. It is an external mark which strikes the eye at once; but there was a time when images were rare, there was a time when they were so used, or rather abused, as to call for vigorous methods of reform; and though the veneration of those whom the images represent, a veneration nourished by the presence of the images, is characteristically Catholic, yet it is not a prime manifestation of the Catholic spirit. The prime manifestation of that spirit is the acceptance of the Church's unity and authority, deriving from which comes the Church's sacramental system, her priesthood and in particular the Mass.

It is ignorance upon the essential character of unity, for instance, which makes even the best educated and best willed among many of our opponents blunder upon the whole situation. Aristotle said, and said truly, that a thing is because it is "one"; a human character is what it is through its unity. That is true also of any institution, sacred or profane.

Then in connection with this "order" in which we take our tenets and our practice there is the distinction between what is of faith, that is, what is of doctrine, and what is only of pious practice. Habit is a strong bond and one of inevitable effect. But habit is not in itself an essential part of religion, save where it concerns doctrine. The man who is used to candles burning in front of a shrine is always surprised, and sometimes disturbed and almost shocked by finding them either absent or replaced by some other instrument. I remember in my own case how startled I was when I first came across those little lamps which are common in the New York

churches and take the place of the candles which are universal in the Catholic churches of my own country. But it is of the very nature of Catholicism to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential, and in dissipating the ignorance of our fellow-citizens upon ourselves that is a distinction to be emphasized, published and made clear.

An example of the importance of order is to be found in English elementary schools. The elementary school law in England is not nearly so unjust to Catholics as is the corresponding law of many another country. A considerable proportion of public education funds is at our disposal, if not for building our schools at least for maintaining them, and our civil servants do as a rule show real sympathy with the safeguarding of our children's religion. Yet one of the things I have found most difficult to explain to men in public life has been the order in which we Catholics regard the various parts of education and instruction.

**I** WAS a member of two Parliaments at Westminster and sat as a member for some years. I had to consider, speak upon, and vote upon, more than one measure of State education, and it was always this point which I found most difficult to put before my fellow members. They found it difficult to grasp the idea that there was among them a minority to whom the teaching of the Catholic doctrine was definitely of more importance than the teaching of reading or writing. They all regarded religion as a sort of extra or "frill," which to us, of course, is as though you were to regard food

and drink as "frills" and extras in daily life, and as things quite unimportant compared with white collars or well-shined boots.

Now what instruments have we for thus dissipating ignorance? It is not easy to use the press, yet even the press can be used by perpetual vigilance and courteous correspondence when error appears—for instance the ridiculous error that false opinion honestly held necessarily damns the holder in Catholic eyes. That is one of the commonest of all errors. People will begin with the expression: "Of course as I am a heretic you will think that I am damned"—which is about as ignorant as saying, "Of course as I live near the sea you believe that I shall be drowned." A better instrument than the newspaper (though it sounds paradoxical to say so), is the book. A newspaper published and written by the members of our communion tends to be restricted to the members of our communion, whereas a book has a greater diversity of readers, though of course a much smaller circulation.

Personally, I think that conversation is the best medium. It is by personal speech and personal contact that all religion, true or false, has been propagated throughout the history of the world. That propagation is a slow business; whether we carry it out in the right course or the wrong it bears with it no immediate rewards, and sometimes when the fruit is almost ripe we hardly know it has come into existence. But at any rate this falsehood—that religion is not a proper matter for general conversation and expression—is one which we must continually combat. And if we can get rid of that falsehood it will be half the battle.

## Unity in Variety

Many people without being students of language have observed the extraordinary number of ways in which American slang can indicate that a man has had too much to drink. The chief authority on the subject (I refer to American slang and don't want to be ambiguous), H. L. Mencken, gives a list, a partial list brought up to 1923, and including "piffled," "spificated," "tanked," "snooted," "stewed," "ossified," "slopped," "fiddled," "edged," "loaded," "het up," "frazzled," "jugged," "soused," "jiggered," "cornered" and "jagged."

*Stephen Leacock in the "New York Times Magazine"*

## Biggest Fish

Biggest of all fishes is the whale shark, a denizen of tropical depths. It has small eyes and four-inch-thick skin, needed to withstand tremendous pressures. The rare specimens taken have weighed thirteen and one-half tons and measured forty-five feet in length, and these were not considered full grown. Through the whale shark's cavernous mouth a man might easily slip—even as Jonah passed into the maw of leviathan—but apparently this creature would rather feed on jellyfish.

*From the "New York Times Magazine"*

## Name Calling

A test was taken not long ago in a Wisconsin high school to see how many different words the boys and girls employed to express a low opinion of a person. Their list reads, "mutt, bonehead, guy, carp, highbrow, tightwad, grafter, hayseed, hot-air artist, rube, toughnut, chump and peanut." Perhaps they thought of more after they got home; these no doubt were only some of the things they called their teachers.

*Stephen Leacock in the "New York Times Magazine"*

## Vatican City

Despite its smallness the sovereignty embraces within its limits the largest church in the world, the Basilica of St. Peter, and one of the most extensive of all palaces, an edifice of a thousand rooms.

Pius XI said at the time of the Lateran Accord ten years ago: "This territory is small, but we can say it is the largest in the world, since it contains a colonnade by Bernini, a dome by Michelangelo, treasures of science in the gardens, in the libraries and in the beautiful galleries, and then the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles."

*From "The Smallest State in the World" by W. Coleman Nevils, S.J. in the "National Geographic"*



# Hollywood and Calvary

By DANIEL E. DORAN

**I**T MAY seem incongruous to link Hollywood and Calvary or even to suggest that it has anything in common with Oberammergau.

Hollywood is a place often described as having a touch of brimstone about it since much evil is reputed to have its origin there. But there can often be detected around it, likewise, a faint odor of heaven. Millions of devout persons throughout the United States and Canada may catch some of this fragrance during Holy Week, for then it is that from Hollywood will emanate the second National Broadcasting Company presentation of *The Living God*, the story of the Passion and Death of Christ, which will be enacted in five different episodes during as many days over the red network.

The broadcast will begin Tuesday, April 4 and continue through Saturday, April 8. It will start at 3:00 P.M., Pacific standard time (4:00 P.M., Mountain time; 5:00 P.M., Central time and 6:00 P.M., Eastern time) and continue until 3:15 P.M.

*The Living God* was presented last year for the first time under circumstances which prove the old theory that if you want a big job well done it is mostly to busy men and women you must look for its execution. Some of the very busiest and most gifted of Hollywood's actors and radio artists begged off important assignments, dropped vacation plans and gave up spare time to enter into the enterprise with a spiritual fervor and devotion which might have been commendable in Oberammergau during the Passion Play season.

These artists labored without hope of personal reward and some of them were forced to make real sacrifices in order to participate. Miss Una O'Con-



Mr. Martin Work, NBC announcer, with Pedro de Cordoba, Mary Carr and Walter Connolly, principals in "The Living God" which will be broadcast during Holy Week

nor, for example, postponed a long-deferred and much-needed vacation trip for which she had made plans months in advance, and several others had to brave the ire of unsympathetic directors who perhaps wondered that artists should profess such an interest in a production for which they were not getting paid.

Most of the burden of the production fell upon the able shoulders of Pedro de Cordoba, former President of the Catholic Actors' Guild.

It was less than two weeks before Easter that Mr. De Cordoba, weary after a grinding morning and afternoon on a motion picture lot, arrived at the modest residence which is presided over by the gracious lady who now bears his name. She was formerly Eleanor Nolan, nationally known as a stage personality in her own right. In that modest residence the bromidic jokesmith who wished that all the De Cordoba's troubles would be little ones might see his wish fulfilled. There are five little De Cordobas running or tumbling about the establishment, ranging from Pedro Francis, who is ten, down through Paul, Michael and Marie Collette, to Ellen Mary who toddles very adroitly indeed at the age of two. A sixth De Cordoba, Joseph Anthony, joined the happy family early this January.

Outside of helping to manage this institution and to undertake duties incumbent upon the President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Ambrose Parish, wherein he resides, and those of the President of the Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine in a metropolitan see, which—

because of its varied racial strains—has more problems than most others, Mr. De Cordoba has little or nothing to do except prepare for and carry out assignments on stage, for screen and over radio whereby he wins himself and his brood a livelihood in competition with somewhere in the neighborhood of a million other artists and alleged artists.

There was a telegram awaiting Mr. De Cordoba on his arrival. Perhaps, in his tired condition, he had visions of some rich uncle who had suddenly passed away deeding him a yacht and interests in important gold mines in Zanzibar or the Philippines. Perhaps he conjured up a million dollar contract some place in radio or screenland. He tore open the envelope.

The telegram was from the Rev. Francis J. Flinn, C.S.P. of New York. It indicated that the National Council of Catholic Men had made provision for broadcasting during Holy Week a "radio drama that is most unusual and will be a definite service to a large audience." With a sure and dexterous touch it was indicated that to Mr. De Cordoba was to be given the task of directing the drama. He was to have the assistance, sure enough, of Miss Una O'Connor. There remained nothing else to do in the few days intervening but assemble the cast, make provision for rehearsals, straighten out difficulties that might be encountered when times clashed or personalities interjected themselves, and co-ordinate choral effects with the spoken drama. Incidentally it might be well to make provision for ade-

quate publicity, a man-sized job.

The cast called for sixteen artists, men and women, and one child. Before supper was served, Mr. De Cordoba was busy drilling young Pedro Francis, Jr. in his first radio role. And supper was scarcely over before he was on the telephone gathering the forces that were to make the drama possible. There must have been, among other things, prayers for its success. At least so the commandeer director believes.

It is to the credit of Edward J. Heffron, who holds the post of secretary of the National Council of Catholic Men in Washington, D. C., that many of the important details of the broadcast had been arranged in advance. The script, adapted from the French of Cita and Suzanne Mallard, had been prepared for American radio audiences by Frederick Haviland and carefully edited by Ernest Boyd and Welbourn Kelley. There was a suggestion that Mr. De Cordoba might find able and willing assistance in respect to necessary choral effects from Richard Keys Biggs, director of the choir at the Church of the Most Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood. There were even, via Father Finn, suggestions as to actors and actresses. Had it not been for these the dream might never have been realized.

Yet for all of these the task was herculean. Many of the suggested stars were out of town, imperatively tied up, sick, unavailable even to telephone calls. The choir, composed mostly of youngsters not particularly susceptible to the suggestion that they give up the freedom of the afternoon ball fields to tiresome rehearsals, had to be assembled and set to work. Innumerable telephone calls had to be made on scores of consequential details. And even till the last minute the director could not make sure of all his cast. (Sheed & Ward publishes in English the full Mallard text under the title, *Radio Reporter in Jerusalem*.)

**Y**ET, "the play must go on" as the traditional theatre slogan recites.

A Catholic priest, the Rev. Charles E. Logan of Santa Ana, was drafted for one part. A recent convert to the Faith, Frederick G. Lewis was discovered in the wilderness of a motion picture lot to step into another part. Fertile minds, busy hands, eager ears and plausible tongues were artful aids to the willing hearts that obeyed the impulse to make *The Living God* a reality.

The story in itself is a simple one. A roving radio reporter, seeking the drama of life in the streets of New York, encounters a woman who has

sustained the loss of her dearest-beloved. The reporter seeks the mystery of the consolation which she professes. Her answer points to another world and a Divine Figure which he has until that moment ignored. When he asks: "Who Is Christ?" she transports him in spirit to Jerusalem during Holy Week, where, amid the splendor of Palm Sunday, he enters into a contemplation of the majestic tragedy whereby mankind was saved. With his portable microphone he is able to catch the very voice of the Redeemer and record the solemn words of the gospels.

Thereafter, and on the radio during successive days, he is permitted to give to his listeners the voices of the other principal characters in the drama—portrayed in such scenes as the Last Supper, the betrayal of Judas, the trial before Pilate, the scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns, the Crucifixion, the events attendant upon the Resurrection, the appearance on the road to Emmaus and the glorious return to

the Apostles. The broadcast last year began on Tuesday of Holy Week and continued at three o'clock each day until Holy Saturday, each episode lasting fifteen minutes. At the finale, the roving reporter is returned to a church in New York, where he first encountered the bereaved woman and recognizes in the Consecration of the Mass the identical scene which he witnessed at the Last Supper.

**I**N the cast assembled by Mr. De Cordoba were Walter Connolly (The Roving Reporter); Una O'Connor (The Bereaved Woman); Frederick G. Lewis (John); John Sheehan (Peter); Jay Novello (Thomas); Charles Costello (Pilate); Cornelius Keefe (Caiaphas and Disciples); Rev. Charles E. Logan (A Priest); Olive Tell (Mary of Salome); Justina Wayne (Mary Magdalen); Anthony Ewer (James); Edwin Kapteyn (Philip); Michael Ames (Cleophas); Edward Flannery, Jr. (Nicodemus); Pedro de Cordoba, Jr. (A Child); Eleanor Nolan (A Maid Servant). Bob Hall was the announcer, and much leg work that actually goes into arranging so pretentious a presentation in so short a time was graciously and expeditiously done by Robert Redd of the NBC executive staff. Mr. Redd, it has been announced by NBC, will again have charge of the production for the studio and with few exceptions, the cast this year will be the same as last year.

Mary Carr will replace Una O'Connor, who is now in England, as the old woman. Martin Work, Director of the Radio School at Loyola University, will announce the program. Mr. De Cordoba, in addition to his other duties, will again be heard as the Voice of Christ.

That the American world is receptive to such productions as *The Living God* was amply evidenced by the number of telegrams and letters which were received during and following its presentation. These came from all classes of men and women; from distinguished prelates such as archbishops and bishops, from bankers and brokers and real estate men, from girls who work in shops and from bell boys and street car conductors. Small wonder that NBC will repeat it this year.

It requires little imagination to predict that other such radio dramas will follow. The Church is so rich in its holy days, the lives of its apostles and saints are so replete with dramatic value, and the teachings of its Founder are so sadly needed by a weary world that it would be a miracle if events proved otherwise.



Pedro Francis de Cordoba, who will play the part of the child in the radio production of "The Living God"

# THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



A typical group of refugees in the interior of China. The parents of some have been killed. Others, separated from their families, may never see them again. They depend entirely on the charity of others. Your offering will help to support them

BLACK STAR



# The Swelling Tide of Refugees

By MOST REVEREND CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P.

**I**N a former article I think I mentioned that in the event of the borders of Hunan being penetrated by the Japanese forces and of our provincial capital, Changsha, falling into their hands, the number of refugees fleeing into our territory would be greatly augmented and that the consequent urgency for relief work would be correspondingly intensified. It is true that Changsha has not yet been occupied by the invaders, but almost two months ago, as a military measure and as part of the Government's "scorched earth" policy, the city was put to the torch.

This drastic strategy has indeed been effective in slowing up the Japanese advance, for there is little inducement to march upon a city already in ashes, but the devastating conflagration has made homeless two hundred thousand citizens and has multiplied the problems of relief a hundredfold. Of this vast army of fire victims a few more fortunate than the rest succeeded in salvaging their clothes, some bedding and a few-odd cooking utensils; the great majority, however, managed to escape with only the clothes on their backs.

Then began for them the long weary trek of three to four weeks westward across the province. From Changsha to Yüanling the entire length of the auto highway was lined for many days by a steady stream of terrified refugees—men, women and little children—trudging their painful, laborious way to the comparative safety of the mountains of Western Hunan. The memorable month's journey the readers of *THE SIGN* made with us in the Spring of 1927 during the "Red days," over the high mountains of Kweichow to the city of Kweiyang, with all its unforgettable rigors and hardships, will give some idea of the harrowing experiences of these pathetic fugitives from the horrors of modern warfare.

The plight of these thousands of refugees is well-nigh desperate. They are in a condition of "extremest need" in the full sense of what is understood by that term in Catholic moral teaching. They are homeless, thinly clad, underfed and with no definite future; amongst their num-

ber are many sick and dying. Were you to stroll about any day on the streets of Yüanling or wander out into the countryside, you would meet group upon group of these dejected, hungry, foot-sore travelers as they go about in vain search of the most meager shelter. They roam about the public thoroughfares by day, and by night are to be found sleeping beneath the eaves of houses or huddled into shallow doorways or crowded into hovels above the city gates. It is not uncommon to find them stretched along the open street.

Their condition is all the more pitiable since so many of them but a short while ago were people of means and consequence in the localities whence they came. Mingle among them and from one and all you will hear the same sad story punctuated by many an anguished sigh and emphasized by many a doleful shaking of the head. Their story is a nightmare of roaring planes, dropping bombs, leaping flames, terrified flight, scanty food, lack of shelter, blistered feet and aching backs. Few there are among them who do not treasure the memory of some dear one—a father or mother, a husband or wife, a brother or sister—who fell by the wayside from exhaustion or whose painful journey was terminated by the relentless machine guns of hovering planes. These private, crushing griefs are borne in silence; there are no bitter, loud-voiced complaints, for such have long been hushed before the immensity of China's sorrow.

**Y**ÜANLING is the first large city of the Vicariate on the Hunan-Kweichow inter-provincial highway. Hence it is the gateway through which these fugitives must pass from the war zone and the threatened areas to our district. Government agencies make earnest efforts to keep the crowds of refugees moving and to distribute them throughout the entire territory of Western Hunan and beyond. But many of these travelers on arrival here are so worn out and exhausted that they simply cannot, or will not, go further. Physical endurance, even for a race inured for centuries to privation and hard-

ship, has its limitations. For this reason, despite the far-seeing plans of the Government, the number of destitute in the immediate vicinity of Yüanling increases day by day until the alarming total does not fall far short of ten thousand.

**I**T is because of these conditions that we have to an extent concentrated our relief activities in this place. The cry for help is importunate and incessant. But the same plea, if somewhat less urgent, is being heard in our other mission centers, and within the enforced limits of our available resources we are attempting to alleviate it. Our immediate problem is to find ways and means to feed and shelter these unfortunates and to carry them over the next few months until Government agencies are able to provide for them in occupational employments.

This is a task that has nothing to do with politics nor with the rights or wrongs of the present conflict. Controversy has no place here. We are face to face with thousands of human beings, all brothers of Jesus Christ, who have not the wherewith to be fed nor to be clothed nor whereon to lay their head. The extreme material need of this multitude constitutes a well-nigh boundless field for the corporal works of mercy. We would be less than human did we not strive to the utmost extent of our available means, financial and physical, to relieve this dire necessity. Surely it is for afflicted mortals such as these that Our Saviour pleads, "I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me. Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

I need scarcely tell you that our refugee camps are crowded to overflowing and that we are being besieged by applicants for admission. In Yüanling alone there is a waiting list of eight hundred. Every possible effort is being made to meet the emergency by enlarging the capacity of the camps already in operation



AMERICAN MEDICAL AID BUREAU

A long line of ambulances and Red Cross trucks passing over newly constructed roads in Hunan

and by establishing new ones. The situation is aggravated by the increased cost of building materials and by the steady rise in wages. Skilled workmen are at a premium and those that we are fortunate enough to find are growing more independent every day. Obviously we cannot admit all; considerable weeding will have to be done; preference is given to women and children. Nevertheless within a few weeks we shall have added seven hundred refugees to our enrollment and before this message reaches you the total number lodged in the shelters of the Vicariate will be about twelve hundred: Yüanling 750; Chihkiang 200; Luki 150; Yungsul 100.

**T**HESE figures, substantial enough, tell but a bald story. They reveal nothing of the human factors that have gone into the making of them; they are all too silent on the personal role the missionary must play in the work of rescuing these hundreds of dispossessed. The history of a refugee camp is the record of innumerable annoying perplexities encountered in building, of minute attention to details exacted in organization, of the teasing cares consequent to unceasing supervision, of the sympathetic understanding demanded for the intimate problems of families and groups, and of the anxious solicitude for the many sick. The missionary who undertakes this

work must be for one and all an equitable judge, a stern father, a kind friend and a zealous shepherd.

Throughout the length and breadth of China since the very beginning of the conflict wherever there has been fighting or wherever the war's effects are being most felt, the Catholic Church has been in the forefront. Priests and Sisters have been doing heroic work attending to the sick and wounded in hospitals and dressing-stations, organizing refugee camps and even throwing open the doors of churches to house the homeless. And these noble efforts have been everywhere followed by an extraordinary increase in the number of catechumens. Indeed it would seem that the districts that have suffered the most cruelly are now being the most lavishly blessed. The Provinces of Hopei and Shantung, for instance, over which the opposing armies have marched back and forth several times and which have seen some of the bitterest battles of the war are now witnessing a remarkable phenomenon—tens of thousands of natives turning to the Catholic Church and enrolling their names in the mission catechumenates.

These people have seen and experienced the charity of the missionaries and are now demanding to know about that church which so befriends the poor and downtrodden. The Vicariate of Seinhsein reports 18,568 catechumens against 4,100 of the

previous year; the Vicariate of Tainanfu lists 7,000 catechumens, just double the number of the year before the war; in the Vicariate of Yenchowfu the number petitioning for baptism has reached the stupendous total of 60,000, one priest alone of that Vicariate having no less than 20,000 clamoring for admittance! Thus from out the sanguinary horrors of the war, wherein to human eye all seems but loss and desolation, Divine Providence is miraculously building the future Church of China.

St. Paul in writing to the Corinthians of the exceptional promise for his ministry which he finds in Ephesus, graphically describes it as follows, "a great door and evident is opened to me." So can I in all truth report of the situation that today confronts us in this Vicariate. It would seem that the Lord is opening a spacious door to a far wider field of activity and influence than we have ever previously known.

Our Mission was the first organization, native or foreign, to establish a refugee camp in Western Hunan. The work has now been in progress for six months. More than fifteen hundred refugees from China's war-wracked eastern provinces have already found temporary relief in our shelters. Though the work is primarily and of necessity humanitarian in scope—to keep body and soul together in these war victims—yet a strong Christian influence permeates the camps.

The great majority of the refugees who have passed through our doors or are still lodged within our enclosures, knew nothing of the



Ill-clothed and hungry boy

Catholic Church before driven by desperate want to our door; neither had they had any previous dealings with Catholic missionaries or Sisters. In many instances much surprise was shown at finding American missionaries so far in the interior and first approaches were shy and formal. It is interesting now on going among the refugees to see how much at home they are with priests and Sisters. They flock about the missionary-in-charge and submit for his counsel their daily problems and family difficulties. The Sisters soon become the confidantes of the women-folk and the beloved guardians of the children.

It is only natural that the campers should begin to ask themselves why these strangers come among them at all or what motive could have inspired them to leave home and country to cast their lot with an alien people. Inquiries soon follow as to the nature and the teachings of the Church which at the cost of obvious self-denial they so tirelessly serve. Then curiosity, strengthened by grace, prompts a timid attendance at Holy Mass or assistance with the Christians at public devotions. These are but the first stages on the road to formal registration as catechumens.

Infant mortality, especially during the first months, has been high. All babies have been baptized. The sick and convalescent have received special care and the seriously ill have found treatment in our emergency hospitals. There are few who in danger of death do not consent with joy to receive the saving Sacrament



Such children are being saved by relief



First aid for the wounded in a Chinese village which has just suffered from an air attack

of Baptism. Those who leave us to seek safety and livelihood further in the interior, depart blessing the Catholic Mission for the timely help given; and wheresoever they may go they can be relied upon to speak a good word for the missionaries and Sisters. Thus a knowledge of Mother Church, as an aromatic perfume, through the ministry of these grateful refugees, is being diffused far and wide throughout the land.

The National Relief Commission for Central China, comprising the three provinces of Kiangsi, Hupeh and Hunan, located its offices in the city of Yüanling two months ago. The Commission has called upon the local religious bodies, Catholic and Protestant, together with welfare groups such as the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the different departments of the government service engaged in humanitarian work, to form a General Committee to handle the problems of rehabilitation in Western Hunan. At the time this Committee was set up, our Vicariate had already for five months two thriving camps in successful operation.

The Catholic Missions camps thus became a sort of model for any others that were to follow. It has been gratifying to hear the unstinted praise that has been heaped upon these shelters by men high in the service of the Central and Provincial Governments as well as by local of-

ficials and townsfolk. I am both proud and happy to be able to transmit to you the encomiums that our work for the refugees has merited. The men whom the Government has chosen to serve on the National Relief Commission are of high character and of deep sincerity. It is a privilege to know them and a pleasure to work with them. They assure us that our refugee camps are the best conducted in Hunan and they are urging us to extend the scope of this work and to open new ones. They ask for our active co-operation with them in the immense work of rehabilitation that lies ahead and they are willing to entrust us with substantial funds to be administered in humanitarian enterprises.

What a magnificent opportunity this is for the Church in Western Hunan! There is a friendliness in the air, wholesome and stimulating, that is new to our experience. In such a genial atmosphere, prejudice, for long a most formidable obstacle in reaching the hearts of the people, must quickly vanish to make way for a lasting spirit of mutual understanding and good will. It is the splendid generosity of our loyal friends, THE SIGN subscribers, that by sustaining our refugee work, is now opening for us this great and evident door to a more fruitful preaching of the gospel. May we be assured of your continued support?



# Trek From Death

By WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, C.P.

**IT CAN'T** happen before 10:30 A. M. No Japanese bomber can reach the environs of this city of Chihkiang here in the southwest corner of Hunan Province until after the laziest resident has got around to his breakfast and rolled his bedding for the day's evacuation to the countryside. It has been with such a "take-your-time" mental attitude that the sextupled populace of the city has greeted the morning's dawn each day since November 8th, on which day eighteen enemy bombers, at 12:45 P. M., dispelled the conviction that Hunan hills are too high.

There was a grain of reason for fixing 10:30 A. M. as the time before which nothing could happen. The November 17th raid and bombardment—the second in Chihkiang's long history of thirteen hundred and fifty years—broke at exactly 11:50 A. M. In spite of the hammering effect of continual dogmatic pronouncements about the time before which nothing could happen, my better judgment kept insisting "there is no time before which." For days past I had awakened each morning to the thought: "Will I get through the day?" January 11th had an early dawn that promised a fair and

cloudless sky. Truth to say, I was all set to remark at breakfast, as we so frequently do, that it would be a good day for a bombing raid.

I had just begun to vest for Mass when the server dashed into the sacristy, a trifle late as usual, to whisper breathlessly, "Sen Fu, there goes the air-raid alarm." "What?" asked I, with a deal more inflection and emphasis than the mere writing of the word connotes. To verify the lad's statement I put my good ear out the door. Sure enough! The alarm was sounding. I quietly stepped into the sanctuary and from the altar railing told the orphans and those who were assisting at Mass to get into the dug-outs. Some "dot-and-dash" genuflections were made.

The orphans made the outside of the church when boom! boom! boom! and more booms! A crate of bombs exploded. Just that fast and suddenly the six bombers were upon the city. I learned afterwards that some of the children froze stiff in their tracks until a Sister arrived on the scene a moment later and shagged them into the shelters. No one can be blamed for stiffening and going weak in the stomach at the same time when big bombs come hurtling

from the sky. Within a few minutes the six planes had passed overhead and everybody came crawling out of the dug-outs beaming satisfaction at having escaped another time. As Father Gregory remarked: "It takes a raid to thrill life out of the humdrum of placid existence." Within an hour the children were off to school and examinations just as though nothing had happened. Often do we missionaries remark the consummate ease and naturalness wherewith the Chinese, after an extraordinary occurrence, fall back into their daily routine way of life; yet linger, they do, over the event.

**W**ITHOUT exaggeration, I listened to twenty reasons why and how those six Japanese planes got to Chihkiang before one half the people were out of bed. Not one of the explanations was flattering to the enemy. One would think apodictical utterances as to "it can't happen" would have ceased after such a violent shattering of "it can't happen before 10:30 A. M."; but we find an abundance of freedom of speech, as well as of thought, in China. Talk and thought proceed totally unashamed of, if not oblivious to, previous mistakes—a blessed weakness that saves these people from all manner of inferiority complexes.

If it is something before ten-thirty in Chihkiang, it is also something after ten-thirty. I speak of the war refugees. No pen in human hands will ever describe adequately the most gigantic migration in all history, now progressing and swelling in China. No picture will ever be painted conveying the agonies of sixty million people—refugees—in flight. These millions on a trek to China's hinterlands have no thought in mind or desire in heart to be put down in book or on canvas for future generations to read and see. In their hearts are seeds of a deathless remembrance of evil forced upon them, of unmitigated determination never to surrender their freedom, of unyielding devotion to the principle of the right of self-determination. The paradox of their situation is that they must flee their homes in order to return to them, retreat in order to advance.

Refugees—110,000 of them—are



Civilians, wounded men and women, after an air raid, waiting for further medical attention

AMERICAN MEDICAL AID BUREAU

now within the borders of the American Passionist Vicariate. This is the figure given me by the head of the local Government. I believe the number is under-estimated. Hundreds of these tramping "poor and needy" are arriving daily. We meet them coming up the auto road, all manner and description of human beings—men old in years and experience who speak of their present plight as outstripping all calamities faced before, including fires, famines, floods and banditry. We Occidentals stand amazed at such heroic endurance of suffering and privation, knowing full well that we ourselves could never face a similar situation and endure it. Admiration and sympathy born of this amazement, not to speak of spiritual motives, move us to consider measures for relief.

IT WAS more than a month ago while thinking over this relief project that four well-dressed gentlemen paid me a visit. They had come to inquire whether or not the Catholic Church in Chihkiang was interested in China's refugees, and the corollary, "would the Mission help relieve the distress of the refugees?" We missionaries welcome such proffered openings to state the position and doctrine of the Catholic Church as regards the corporal works of mercy. It was a matter of minutes to give the required explanation.

These gentlemen constituted the Chihkiang Refugee Relief Committee. Graciously they explained their plans and method of operation in caring for refugees, and offered their co-operation with the Church in every way possible. That was the beginning of the Catholic Mission refugee camp in Chihkiang; but it didn't materialize overnight. For days I tramped the city outside the walls and for a radius of two miles in the country seeking suitable shelter for one hundred refugees. What refugees require primarily is rice to eat and a shelter from the elements. One question asked by the Committee surprised me. "If the Mission agrees to accept refugees, will you take only those of the Catholic Faith?"

After days of fruitless search for vacant temples to house the refugees, it was decided to lease a vegetable garden across the river (the authorities refused to allow refugees inside the city) and to build a camp. This was done at a cost of \$380.00.

Imagine my surprise one day last week when a wealthy Chinese stepped in and asked me if the Mission would accept a sum of money from him for relief work among the

war refugees. He stated that a dollar given to the Sen Fu would still be a dollar when it reached the refugees. I thanked him for the compliment and agreed to extend the scope of my camp. So, from one hundred there has occurred a jump to six hundred refugees. It is merely a matter of building "bigger barns" for the harvest of charity.

On the side, sick refugees are an additional problem. Bishop O'Gara wisely foresaw this need and requested the Chihkiang Mission to open an emergency hospital for the sick among the refugees. The hospital, named in honor of Father Edward McCarthy, C.P. who died in this mission in 1935, opened immediately after the first air raid when seven mutilated victims of bomb shrapnel were carried to the Mission door. Day after day the Sisters of St. Joseph dressed their ghastly flesh wounds, giving to Catholics and pagans alike an example of heroic charity. The good word spread abroad, and now the hospital functions for refugees, wounded soldiers and wounded civilians . . . with a maternity ward for good measure. A Chinese doctor and two nurses have been added to the hospital staff.

Dear readers of *THE SIGN*, please do not imagine we missionaries entertain the thought that we are doing much. In reality we are barely scratching the surface of China's present innumerable needs and crying necessities. We Fathers and Sisters, after doing all in our power

with what funds we have at our disposal, have the conviction that only a little has been accomplished—so vast is the avalanche of distress and misery we meet with. The crushing weight of it all is well nigh too much to bear. Only on our knees in prayer is rest to be found for a tired mind and a weary heart. The good God, our Faith tells us, has something beyond our feeble mind to fathom for these people who know not as yet the value of suffering, but who must suffer so! What saints the Chinese would be if they did but link their agonies with the agony of the God-Man on the Cross and believe in His Resurrection! How long, O Lord! how long!!

Occasionally we hear it said that the works of mercy of the Catholic Church to China's poor at this hour of her greatest need will be the balance in her favor—and save the day—when and if Communism takes control after the war. It may be so, but we labor under no such fortuitous hope. These destitute refugees need help—it is charity to help them. That is the fundamental principle underlying our present war refugee relief work. And we have no other! Because we see Christ in the poor we are willing to spend ourselves in their behalf. And it is for the same reason that we missionaries pass on to Catholics, better favored in other lands, the opportunity of sharing with us the Christ-like work of relieving human distress and affliction. We know that Christ Himself will be your reward.



AMERICAN MEDICAL AID BUREAU

Lifting a wounded Chinese soldier on a stretcher into an army ambulance behind the lines

# The Pope of Catholic Action

Pope Pius XI Inaugurated Catholic Action as a Great Adventure of the Apostolate With Which He Hoped to Renew the Life of the Modern World

By PAUL MCGUIRE

I SHALL always remember the physical presence of Pope Pius XI, not as the central figure of sublime rituals, but as he came to us one day last spring in the quiet room at Castel Gandolfo, his lovely villa in the Alban Hills. I leaned (perched, if the truth must be told) on a sill, looking down at hens scratching on the roofs of the houses under the Papal windows, and at children playing in untidy little gardens where the Pope must often have watched them.

Beyond the houses are the blue waters of the lake and beyond the lake other slopes of the hills with the summer villas of the Roman Colleges. A little to the right and visible if one leans out of the windows is the small village, where the local Fascisti bustle with enormous self-importance when the Pope is in residence, and where there are little cafés with terraces above the lake, pleasant places to lunch, after an audience, on macaroni and eggs fried in oil and on dry yellow wines.

The Pope had been in great pain that week: praying in French, as the Romans used to say when he invoked the Little Flower in his agonies. The strong, determined lines of his face were etched deeper by suffering, and one noticed how the ends of the mouth were drawn and that the nose was thin and pinched. But there was still, as there had always been, that suggestion of humor, almost of ironic humor, at the corners of his eyes, and he still wore his hat in the old dashing fashion, tilted jauntily over his eyebrow, much as Earl Beatty used to wear his admiral's cap.

I shall always remember him as he was then and as I last heard his voice. That last time, he spoke of all the evils which have come upon our world, of hatreds between nations and between classes, of social injus-



Pope Pius XI broadcasting a message to the entire Christian world

tices and of the disintegration of civilization in the decline of morals: and at the end of his grim analysis, he said to us: "I have constantly thanked God that I have been privileged to live in this age."

There was the true temper of Pope Pius XI. He had a great, adventurous soul. He loved the clean, cold heights of the mountains and the imminent perils, the hard athleticism of adventure on their heights. The word *adventure* is not remote from the word *apostolate*: to go out, out to the conquest of the world. Pius saw in the very risks and hazards of our time a challenge, as he saw in the risks and hazards of the Alps a challenge, to the indomitable spirit of man. He saw that the disintegration of old orders, of old traditions and communities and ways of life, was not only a threat and danger but also an opportunity, an opportunity to make the world anew. It was the gigantic adventure of the apostolate which warmed all that he said of Catholic Action, and his spirit of adventure for Christ informed the great new movements and the generation of the young which has made them with a sort of heroic gaiety, like the gaiety of St. Francis and of the *jongleurs* of Our Lady.

He breathed new spirit into us, and his was the spirit of Paul, who gloried in his stripes, in his shipwreck, in the chances by flood and field

which he had borne for Christ: it was the spirit of Thomas and of Xavier, who died in the remote Indies, and of all the heroes who have gone by incredible ways to carry the tidings of Christ their Lord. That spirit has found its visible expression in the works of Catholic Action.

Catholic Action is not a new thing. It is the ancient mission of the Church to the world. But now the Pope has re-empha-

sized that the Church is made of laymen as well as of priests and bishops, and that the laymen must share not only its exquisite privileges but its mission to the world, its charge, that charge which Christ gave it when He commanded it to go out into the world and to spread the gospel and to extend His meanings and to incorporate all men in His Mystical Body. That is the adventure of Catholicism, and when the Pope spoke of it there came into his words something like a strong, exultant cry:

"THIS is the most divine, the most glorious, the most beautiful aspect of Catholic Action, that it revives and continues what was in the first days of Christianity and in the first proclamation of the Kingdom of Our Saviour. For proof, look at the divine literature of the primitive Church, and see how greatly the wonderful successes of the apostolate sprang from the co-operation of the lay people with the Apostles. You know well those illustrious names: Sebastian, Agnes, Tibertius, Cecilia, Tarcisius, Nereus, Achilles and uncounted others, magistrates, soldiers, women, and children, who came to help the Apostles, multiplied their activity, and enabled them to reach all parts and to penetrate into all milieux, into the masses of the people and into the palaces of Caesars."

There is the essence of his concept



of Catholic Action: the laity who help the Hierarchy to extend the message of Christ, who multiply the activities of the anointed apostles, who penetrate into every corner of the world: the workman penetrating the milieu of his factory, the doctor penetrating the milieu of his profession, the employer converting other employers, Christ acting in the action of Christians at every point where Christians live and labor.

**T**HE apostolate is not an unordered affair. It must be concentrated at each point. We must each be apostles to our own worlds, to our own people, in our own place. Addressing a pilgrimage of French youth, Pope Pius XI said:

"Each situation will have its own apostle: the apostles of the workers will be workers, the apostles of the farmers will be farmers, the apostles of the seamen will be seamen, the apostles of the students will be students."

Wherever two or three are gathered together in His Name, there He is. *Deep in the coal-mine with us works Christ Our King*, cry the great banners of the Flemish miners. Christ hewing coal at the coalface, Christ ploughing the fields, Christ in the stokehold, Christ in the fo'c'sle, Christ in the schoolrooms, Christ on the campus, Christ in the law courts, Christ on the diamond, Christ serving behind the shop-counter, Christ at the typewriter, Christ working on the belt, Christ making, Christ building, Christ doing—*"in all trades, their gear and tackle and trim."*

Christ pervading the world, because Christian men remember again and at last what the doctrine of the Body means. That was how Pius saw Catholic Action: the Mystical Body present in the world and each member conscious of his membership, conscious that he is the hand of Christ, that each small group of Christ's faithful men is Christ, present, active at their place.

I do not believe that any Catholic, understanding what Pius understood, what he tried to make us understand, can remain unmoved, unexultant, unheroic, at the superb vision of Christ in the world, clothed in the stuff of Christ's men. Yet how many of us do not see, will not see, what Pius saw.

But there is the one way in which we can transform the world, when in us Christ is present and active through all the world. All other ways to a reform are blind paths that lose themselves in the morass, and all other talk of reform is but vain babbling.

The Pope declared, again and again, that his definitions of Catholic Action were divinely inspired. It was the "ample and efficacious participation of the laity in the hierarchical apostolate of the Church, that is to say their co-operation in the extension and consolidation of the Reign of Christ the King in individuals, in families, and in the whole of society."

It is essentially a spiritual movement. It has no immediate political or economic aims. It restores society through the reform of the men and women who make up society, through the reform of consciences, and it should surely be obvious that this is the only way in which society can be reformed. Our political and economic structures are not things abstract from us: they are effects of our behavior, and they will be good or ill as our behavior is good or ill.

Hence Catholic Action, as Pope Pius XI told the Italian Catholic University Federation, "rises and grows above and outside all political parties. It does not concern itself with the politics of a party or itself become a political party"—and here the Pope is emphasizing the principles of his predecessor:

"The Catholic Church, since it is a society perfect in itself and superior to all other human societies, strongly refuses, in right and duty, to link herself to any petty party and to submit herself to the fleeting ex-

pedients of politics. Similarly, the Church, guarding her own rights and observing the rights of others, declares that it is not her province to decide which is the best of alternative forms of government and of civil institutions amongst Christian States, or between the different varieties of State rule, and she does not disapprove of any if the respect due to religion and good morals is maintained."

Except where the rights of justice and of truth are involved, except where we must "defend the altar," Catholic Action remains then outside the political field of action. It renders to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, for as Pope Pius XI declared to Cardinal Bertram, "this Catholic Action is not different from the divine mission given to the Church and to the Hierarchy, and it is not of the temporal order, but spiritual, not of the earthly order, but divine, not of the political order, but religious."

One wishes that many of the people who are abusing the term would attend to the Pope's own definitions of Catholic Action.

The Pope speaks of it as the extension of the reign of Christ in individuals, in families, in societies. So the Jocists, for instance, speak of their program of conquest: "We shall conquer ourselves, our families, our friends, our workmates, our city, our country."



Throne room of the Popes in their summer residence at Castel Gandolfo

We must begin with ourselves. How can we make others Christ's, if we ourselves are not Christ's? It is not sufficient to want to conquer the world. We must first begin at the one point where we are capable of a conquest, with ourselves. Many people are all too ready to start on the world, and very slow to begin on themselves. When we hunt about looking for scapegoats for the sins of the world, we had better not mistake that for Catholic Action. Our Lord did not take kindly to people who were always spotting the mote in other people's eyes and missing the beam in their own. If Communists and capitalists and Jews and others whom some of us are so ready to revile had committed all the sins of which they are accused, we had better still first attend to our own souls: or perhaps one day He will again bend and write with His Finger in the dust our secret sins, and perhaps again the steward who was forgiven his debt will be cast into prison because he does not forgive another's debt.

**F**or the task of Catholic Action, we must first steel and intensify our own lives (though remember that we can best steel and intensify them in action: the precedence here, as the Pope says, is not of time but of importance, and this is a major point often overlooked in the study-groups):

"Catholic Action must consist of two things; it must have two phases . . . not necessarily successive . . . two divisions . . . a work of formation first, formation of intelligence, of the will, of thought, of sentiment, of active initiatives, of truthfulness, of sanctity. Catholic Action must have as its preliminary the individual sanctification of its members, so that the supernatural life abounds and superabounds in each of them . . . but after this first formation comes the second element: the extension of this life, the action of the apostolate."

There is no substitute for this preparation. We remember that Our Lord took His first Apostles and trained them through years. We need not think that we shall better the example of Peter and James and John. In the development of Catholic Action groups, the screws should be on. If people are not prepared for the spiritual, intellectual and social discipline, they will be weak reeds.

The apostolate too must be organized, not organized to subdue the initiatives and energies of individuals but to order them and to direct them to right ends. Pius XI declared to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo:

"Catholic Action must have its own proper organization, single, disciplined and able to co-ordinate all Catholic forces, so that each may preserve and unfailingly fulfill the obligations and duties given to it, and that all, together, may co-ordinate their activities in proper dependence on the ecclesiastical authority."

As Cardinal Pizzardo has said: "The intimate desire of the Holy Father is that a great organization of Catholic Action should appear in every country, having a 'unitary' character, so that while to each of the several activities within it is left a development proper to its character, all the vital forces of Catholicism may be directed towards the one supreme end, the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ."

Catholic Action must grow towards its own national structure, but the growth of the organization should be something like the growth of the skeleton in the growth of the whole human organism. It is useless to try to manufacture it as one would manufacture a machine. It belongs to life, not mechanics, and it will not be made from blueprints, but from the action of the people under hierarchical direction.

Nowadays, one may see a very good example of both proper local autonomies and of national organization in the Belgian youth movements. In each parish, the local Jocist or Jecist or Jacist or Jicest section has its autonomy in matters which are proper to its own activity in its own little world: but when these matters extend beyond the section's limits, then it loses a measure of autonomy to the authority next above it. So the whole national movements of J. O. C., J. I. C., J. A. C., J. U. C., J. E. C., have their own autonomy while their concern is strictly with worker, bourgeois, peasant, university or school matters, but when an issue arises which affects all their interests, it is the concern of their national federation, the A. C. J. B. (Catholic Action of Belgian Youth).

**T**HERE are people who are organization-mad. They believe that everything is done if you get millions of men and women to join something. And there are others who believe that organization of any sort destroys the first, fine, careless rapture.

Pius XI would have emphatically disagreed with both. It is useless to organize people for the Christian apostolate unless they are made truly Christian, and it is equally useless to imagine that the Catholic people

can be aligned to a great social task without proper organization and direction. We must be neither mechanists nor anarchists. Pope Pius X (whose utterances on Catholic Action have been much neglected) declared:

"Enterprises primarily instituted to restore and promote in Christ true Christian civilization, enterprises which constitute Catholic Action, cannot in any sense be conceived as independent of the advice and supreme direction of the ecclesiastical authority."

And Pius XI said: "No one can become an apostle if he does not himself first possess the virtues of the Christian."

**T**HERE is no question that the Apostolate is a duty for all Christians. One sometimes hears silly suggestions that Catholic Action may die with Pius XI. They could only be said by people who do not understand what Catholic Action is.

In the words of Pope Pius XI: "Catholic Action is not only lawful and necessary, but indispensable. The episcopal apostolate of today—a continuation of the primitive apostolate of the Twelve—is no longer self-sufficient. It feels an imperious need to multiply its action by many hands, many arms, many lips, many hearts, many wills, as did Our Lord Himself. . . ."

"The necessity, legitimacy and indispensability of Catholic Action partake of the necessity, legitimacy, and indispensability of the Church and of the ecclesiastical hierarchy for the formation and extension of the supernatural life."

"All must co-operate in Catholic Action, even if they can do so only to a small degree."

"To dispense oneself from doing anything is a sin of omission that could, in certain circumstances, be very grave. All must act."

All must act: bishops, priest, laity, all have their part in the supreme adventure which Christ commanded and to which His great Vicar has now rallied us. And who, understanding that adventure, would lag?

In every village now, in every town and city and suburb, in every parish, in every walk of life, we should be coming together: at first, perhaps, in twos and threes, but then growing, growing, until we include in all our multitude of groups the whole active body of Catholic people, and then still growing, growing out, extending our hands to take our brothers' hands, drawing them, incorporating them in Christ, until all these peoples are one people of God and His Peace reigns in His Kingdom.

# What of the Ukraine?

Events of the Next Few Months May Give the Answer to the Question of Hitler's Designs on the Ukraine Proclaimed Years Ago in His Book, "Mein Kampf"

By A. F. KOVACS

**B**EFORE Hitler's speech of January 30th on the occasion of the sixth anniversary of the Nazi regime, the world believed that Germany's march toward the East would soon be resumed. But the oft-asked question: "After Czechoslovakia, what next?" was not answered in that speech. The German dictator passed over the problems of the eastward penetration in complete silence.

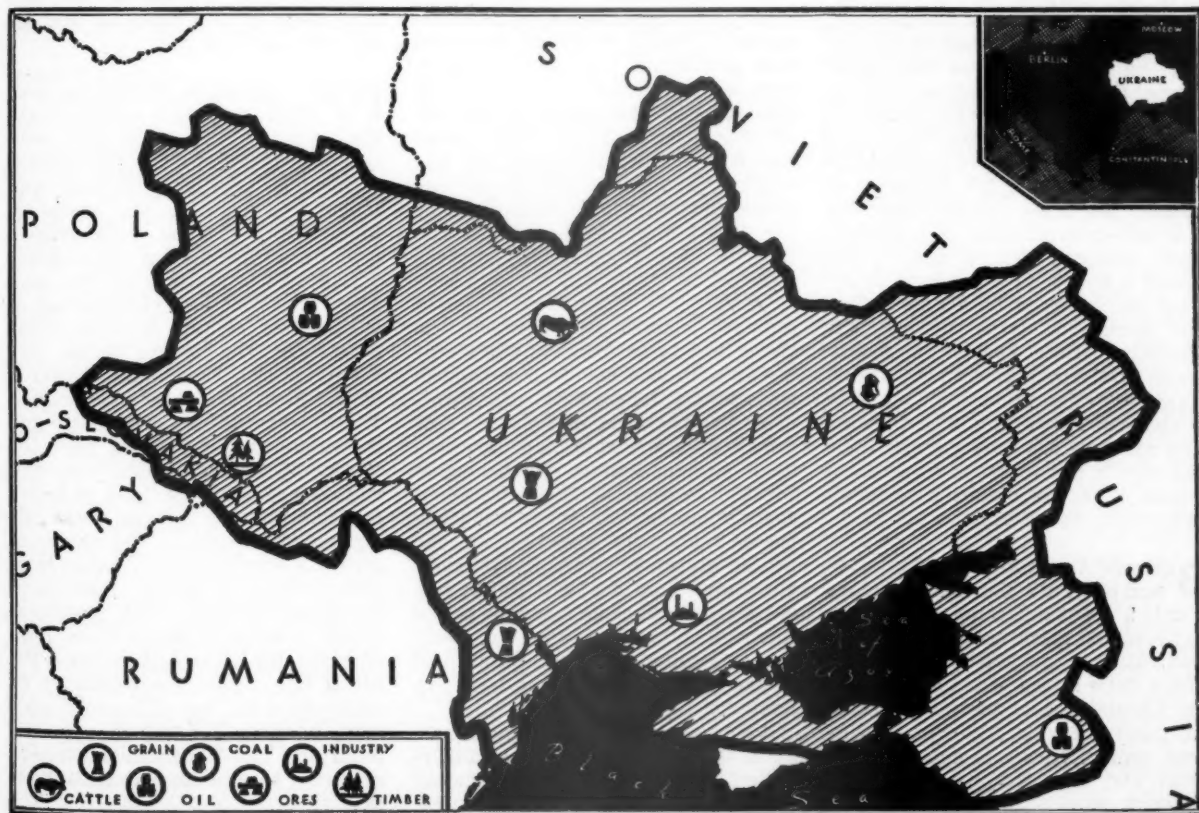
Does this mean that the Ukrainian problem has been shelved for the time being? Or does it signify that the Ukrainian problem does not exist in the form in which it has been discussed, analyzed and prophesied day by day in our sensational and speculative press? During the Czechoslovak crisis Hitler repeatedly declared that the Sudeten region was to be his last territorial demand in Europe.

Is it then possible that there will be no more "Sudeten" questions?

All the speculation concerning the creation of an independent Ukrainian State is based on Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, in which the author points to the necessity of more space and more soil for Germany. He describes the admirably fertile plains of the Ukraine but speaks in equally glowing terms of the fabulous mineral wealth of the Ural mountains (which are not in the Ukraine), of the immense spaces in Russia in general and of the glorious possibilities of expansion there. He says that these immense natural resources, exploited by the inventive genius and industry of Germany, would create undreamed-of prosperity and wealth in the fatherland. It is Russia, therefore, the whole of Russia, which

must be considered the true promised land for Nazidom and not the Ukraine alone—if *Mein Kampf* must be regarded as Nazidom's revelation. The Ukraine, let us remember, represents only 2 per cent of the entire area of Soviet Russia.

But those who today are more Ukrainian than the Ukrainians will say: "Nonsense! Germany cannot start a war with the object of conquering the whole of Russia! The land of Stalin is too powerful and the land of Hitler is economically too unsound." Restricting the aims of his campaign to the Ukraine, however, Hitler would have to face the same task in all its herculean magnitude, real or imaginary, as if he were fighting for all of Russia. The Ukraine, it is true, represents only 2 per cent of Russia's territory but



Map of the Ukraine showing the natural products which make it so desirable to Hitler. The Ukrainians are not confined to the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic. There are Ukrainians in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania



it has 20 per cent of her population. And no matter how cheap human life is in Russia Stalin would certainly be reluctant to release 35 million men from the Soviet paradise to let them suffer in the Nazi hell. He would fight, and even though Hitler sought to secure the Ukraine only it would end in a Nazi-Soviet war anyway.

Or is it possible to suppose that Stalin would turn into a second Benes, resign at the proper psychological moment and leave the rest to a second Munich conference? There is considerable rumor to the effect that, if mobilization were ordered in Russia, the sons of millions of liquidated kulaks would prefer to march against Moscow rather than against Berlin. However, it is difficult to make prophecies. The fact is that since Munich Russia, in a diplomatic sense, has retired behind her Maginot line. There, in complete secrecy, feverish preparations are being made to resist the new Napoleon. And since Russia's two best war leaders, generals January and February, cannot be shot, there is some hope for the Soviets.

It has often been said that Hitler very cleverly adopted the Wilsonian principle of self-determination to serve the purpose of his own aggrandizement. So far he has achieved success after success with this policy and he may continue the same course. Endorsing Ukrainian aspirations for independence he might enlist a very powerful moral force for his eastward march and the Ukrainians would become the Sudetens of Russia. We must realize, however, that self-determination is a double-edged weapon. Turned against the enemy it cuts sharply as long as independence has to be achieved. But the minute a large independent Ukrainian State became a reality the sharp German weapon of Ukrainian self-determination would be ready to cut—the other way. The Ukrainians, after all, are Russians and their real aim is not to break away from Russia. What they want is to break away from Soviet Russia.

**B**ETWEEN the Ukrainian language and other Russian dialects there is only a slight difference. Geographically the Ukraine is not a separate unit. It has no natural frontiers which draw a clear-cut line between the Ukrainian and the non-Ukrainian parts of Russia. The whole European half of Russia is one immense plain and the Ukrainians, if independent, would have to stake out their frontier by very artificial political boundaries. Complete independence under such conditions would be

difficult, inasmuch as a separate Ukraine would cut off the rest of Russia from the Black Sea. This would create such perpetual tension that peaceful existence could not be maintained. Russia would have a gigantic Alsace-Lorraine and the Ukrainians would have to give up all their butter for guns. Geography, climate, soil, the ethnic principle, commerce, religion, all point to the fact that the Ukraine is a part of Russia and the Ukrainian problem is merely part of the greater Soviet Russian problem.

**I**F there is any difference between Ukrainians and Russians it is that the former are more individualistic. The explanation of this lies in their history. The territory where the Ukraine stretches from the Carpathians to the Volga was the open highway of peoples during the Great Migrations. On this vast steppe the formidable hordes of Goths, Huns, Avars and Mongols swept toward the West in their quest for new lands and new spoils. Settled life was impossible and it remained an enormous no-man's-land. Finally, when the great migrations came to an end and the power of Tartar and Turk began to recede a new type of "invader" appeared.

In the sixteenth century the boundaries of Poland stretched far to the East and South and, as today, they included vast districts inhabited by Slav races not belonging to the Polish ethnic group. In the South lived the Ruthenians, a branch of the Russian family, adhering to the Greek Orthodox faith. Conquered by the Catholic Poles, they found the rule of their lords doubly oppressive. Yet the Poles succeeded in persuading many of them to accept a religious compromise between the Greek and Latin forms of Christianity and in 1596 the Uniate Church was founded. These Ruthenians who, after the partition of Poland, came under Austrian rule and now are again part of Poland still belong to the Uniate Church. There are about 4 to 5 millions of them including those who have migrated to the United States. But even the religious compromise did not help. Polish rule remained unbearable for many of the Ruthenians and as runaway serfs thousands of them found a haven of refuge in the great no-man's-land in Southern Russia.

Roaming over the unending grasslands they lived as hunters and fishermen. The country was a veritable paradise for these men who preferred death to slavery. Here they found herds of antelope, bison and wild horse. The more peaceful minded

could start a settled but free life, the bolder could band together and lead punitive expeditions against their former oppressors. Wedged in between Poland, Russia and Turkey, they called their new home "borderland," or in their dialect: *Ukraina*. Later, when their numbers grew they organized themselves in Cossack fashion into free communities on a semi-military but republican basis and became the terror of Tartar, Turk and Pole.

These people retained their Greek Orthodox faith and when the country was fully settled the power of the supreme head of the Orthodox Church, the Czar of all the Russias was extended over them. The semi-military organizations, too, were supplanted by ordinary settled life in villages and the republican spirit gave way before the steam roller of Czarist despotism. These changes took place peacefully. The importance of the Ukraine increased as the military border against Turk, Tartar and the Caucasian mountaineers and the power and authority of Russian institutions advanced *pari passu*. But the inhabitants of the Ukraine retained their Ruthenian dialect and their traditions of individual initiative, freedom and daring. Expeditions on horseback and in boats carried them to the gates of Warsaw and of Constantinople.

**I**N the eighteenth century no signs of separatism had appeared. On the contrary, the Ukrainians were reliable subjects of the Czars, often furnishing excellent military and religious leaders to the Muscovite Empire and gracing with quite a few Ukrainian names the history of Russian literature. It was only when the ferment of the principle of nationalism, coming from the West, penetrated the steppe lands that there began a Ukrainian movement of distinct nationalistic character. Then the traditions of free life and individualism were spun into the fabric of separate nationhood and embellished with the tales of heroic exploits. Had the Russian Czars recognized the political expediency of giving a free outlet to these emotional stirrings among their loyal Ukrainian subjects, the movement would have resulted in some form of autonomy, more cultural than political, but certainly not military. As everywhere in the nineteenth century, however, centralism remained blind and the Ukrainian movement gradually became Russia's Irish Question.

As long as the Czars ruled in Moscow separatist tendencies among the Ukrainians were not dangerous. It

took the Bolsheviks to arouse fully the dormant individualistic instincts among the descendants of the bold and daring steppe Cossacks. Lenin's and Trotsky's revolution found an echo on the banks of the Dnieper which was anything but communistic. The old spirit of free life asserted itself immediately among the Ukrainians, only to be crushed again by a new invader. In 1917-18 the troops of the Central Powers occupied the country. When this occupation ceased, after the Armistice, the Ukrainian nationalists, under the pressure of new invasions from North, South and East, by Reds, Whites and Poles, had no time to organize themselves. The Ukrainian nationalist movement collapsed and the vast region where Ukrainians are living was finally divided into four parts.

**THE** Soviet took the lion's share and gave it cultural and administrative autonomy. Economic autonomy, however, was denied to the Ukrainian peasants who had to conform to the savage drive for the collectivization of farms to which millions of them were sacrificed as kulaks. The next largest slice was taken by Poland, consisting of the provinces of Volhynia and Galicia. Rumania took Bessarabia. And finally, in 1919, Czechoslovakia was awarded Carpatho-Ruthenia which for 1000 years had belonged to Hungary.

This little mountain district, called now the Subcarpathian-Ukraine has been in the forefront since the Munich conference. It is said that Hitler proposes to use it as a jumping off place for his drive for the liberation of the Ukraine from the Soviets. To justify all the speculation about Hitler's next move, the daily press has pointed out frequently what an ideal colony the Ukraine would make for Germany. It has, they say, all the riches the Third Reich needs: grain, oil, cattle, coal, iron, timber, water power, etc., etc.; it would not be separated from Germany by oceans as an African colony would; on the contrary, it would be practically contiguous to the Reich. So why should Hitler not take it while the taking is easy? The Ukrainians would welcome him as a liberator! There might be some opposition, but that, of course, would be easily overcome by the Nazi steam-roller, and anyway, Hitler said so in *Mein Kampf*.

The very fact that the territory inhabited by Ukrainians is today divided among four different nations makes the solution of the Ukrainian problem very complex. Hitler's sup-

posed Ukrainian campaign could not be directed against one state as was the case during the Czechoslovak crisis. If Hitler were to direct his main attention to the Russian Ukraine then he would have to march through Poland or Rumania or both. These two countries, having themselves large Ukrainian minorities, would be very reluctant to participate in such an adventure. If forced, they might be easily driven into Russia's arms. A Russo-Polish-Rumanian combination, aided by the western democracies, would be quite formidable. But aside from that Hitler made solemn pledges to adhere

war with the Soviet. In this case the Ukrainian issue might become a godsend for the Germans because they could use Ukrainian separatism with the same purpose and effect as the Allies used Czechoslovak, Polish and Yugoslav separatism during the World War to weaken the Central Powers.

If, for instance, the Czechoslovak crisis had led to a war between Germany and Russia, or to a general war, all the previous preparations in Germany in regard to a free Ukraine could have been utilized to weaken the Soviet forces. But to start a Ukrainian campaign for its own sake would be too complicated. Even if we assume that Hitler could overcome all the diplomatic and military obstacles and could repeat his exploits of the Czechoslovak crisis it is difficult to see how Mussolini would consent to another big land grab so shortly after Munich. It is not in vain that Mussolini adopted the Prussian goose-step. He wants the Italian army to advance in the same rhythm, fully abreast of the German and in the same spectacular fashion. The German goose-step was heard and seen in Austria and the Sudetenland; now the Italian goose-step has to perform somewhere. An axis remains an axis only as long as the wheels on its ends turn with the same speed.

**I**t is not within the scope of this article to speculate on Mussolini's next move. Whatever that move may be it will be outside of the Ukraine and Russia. But while Mussolini prepares and carries out his move Hitler will have to wait. Even if he wanted to strike against the Ukraine or Russia he could not because he cannot jump over Hungary, Poland and Rumania. Instead, he will go on strengthening his influence in the Danubian countries. There a peaceful, silent but effective Nazi pressure can be maintained, particularly if Italy is engaged elsewhere. Ideologically and economically the penetration will go on. The many nationality problems, anti-Jewish agitation, political intrigues of all sorts can undermine the power of the small Danubian states one after the other. Diplomatically they might be co-ordinated into the sphere of the whole axis policy. And finally, forced into the Anti-Comintern Pact, the whole region might form one vast belt surrounding Russia. Then the Ukrainian question might be solved, but that solution will come only as part of the entire Soviet Russian question.

**NOTE:** The foregoing article was written at the beginning of February.

## COMING SOON

**IN HIS ARTICLE** on Congressional activities, entitled "Inside Washington," Dr. Joseph F. Thorning will report to readers of **THE SIGN** what is going on in the nation's capital.

**SHORT STORIES** from the pens of well-known fiction writers will be provided for those in search of light and entertaining reading.

**THE SERIES** of articles on the Passion by Father Damian Reid, C.P., illustrated by the world-famous artist, Mario Barberis, will provide food for thought for the more serious-minded reader.

to and respect the pact of non-aggression he concluded four years ago with Poland for a period of ten years. And last but not least, he must take into consideration the objections of his axis partner with whom he must co-operate if he wishes to avoid complete isolation.

What then is behind all this talk about the Ukraine? We must remember that the Ukrainian problem is not of post-Munich origin. The Nazis have been organizing the Ukrainian refugees from Poland and Russia ever since they came to power. But they organized them not for a special drive for the liberation of the Ukraine but for the eventuality of a



# Woman to Woman



By KATHERINE BURTON

## DR. BELL ON CHRISTENDOM

• **DR. BERNARD IDDINGS BELL**, most engaging speaker among Episcopalian clergymen, and most thoughtful, suggested in a sermon recently that Christian society should come out with a new slogan! "More fun for everyone and down with those who make or would make men and women into sorry slaves." And he wants a place where every "potty little craftsman would have a chance to be his jolly potty self." Then he adds the fatally illogical thing for a High Anglican to say: once, there was in the western world a "thing called Christendom" which was characterized by a world of happiness and merriment for common people.

And how, I ask Dr. Bell, did it happen that Christendom changed from that happy thing, where painters painted for love of God and processions wound round towns with banners of the saints, and great cathedrals rose, not as advertisements for important clergymen, but to show love of God? How did it happen that a Faith which lauded the birth of Christ and made it a happy feast was changed to something that made celebration of His feast a crime punishable by prison? And also how about the part of Christendom, not inconsiderable, which has retained as best it may that cult of joy and feasts and saints, that pride in the Manger, that insistence on the joyfulness of the Faith?

Dr. Bell could find what he longs for very easily, as could others like him who lament, only not always so charmingly, the grayness of modern Christianity. I once heard him give a sermon on the Hall Mary, the most moving I ever heard. He ought to step over into Peter's ship and find out how much joy there still remains among those who voyage on that staunch craft.

## A PLAN FOR PEACE

• **THERE** are so many ways just now for saving the peace of the world, and each feels his own the one that would do it. So far I have heard of only one that would work fully, completely, and with no danger of loss. Unfortunately it is at present a one-woman idea—that of a young woman in California who goes daily to her church to kneel and pray for one hour, an act she says she is going to keep on doing until all the nations are at peace. And more power to her, I say, and less to those who would perhaps smile at her naïveté. If one by one the people of the world would do this the ancient Dream might soon become reality.

## H. G. WELLS ENLIGHTENS US!

• **SPEAKING** of the present Jewish difficulties, the ever present, ever ready to help Mr. H. G. Wells is at it again. In an article in *Liberty* he explains, neither simply nor lucidly, just what is the matter. I don't want to go into the argument, but I do want to say that he quite took away my breath by this sentence: "There

never was a Promise. They never were chosen. Their Sabbath, their Passover are mere traditional oddities and have no present significance at all." It reminds me of something once said about Harriet Martineau, well known for her infidel views: "There is no God and Harriet is his prophet." But Mr. Wells has been a bit kinder to us. He knows the weakness of human nature—other peoples', that is—and he no doubt knows Voltaire's remark about inventing a God if there were none. So he does just that for us. He has invented men from Mars and now he is busy inventing a Creator.

The fact of course is that Mr. Wells has been going on about things for so long now that one has the feeling about him one does about an airplane. One hears it droning overhead, looks up, watches it for a while and then turns back to one's own occupations again. He would have to come down in a parachute now to get us excited. And Mr. Wells is too careful to do that.

## SIGRID UNSET AND HER RECENT BOOK

• **SOMETIMES** I wonder just what some Catholics do want Sigrid Undset to write about so that she may get their full approval. They are taciturn, grumpy, or at most faintly polite about her latest book, *Images in a Mirror*. Yet here is a brief book that is a parable, a homily, a sermon, told in the frame of fiction. It is the simple story of a young woman with four small children, loving them and her husband, but faintly dissatisfied with everything in her commonplace life. After the birth of her last child she is not well, and her husband and her aunt send her by herself to a mountain resort for two weeks. There she meets a man she knew as a boy. He rather than she falls in love, but she is flattered by his attentions, and since it is late in the season at the resort they are the only guests and so are thrown much together. After her return home he tries to keep up the meetings, and she, somewhat infatuated herself and proud of her conquest, goes to his rooms, since they can meet nowhere else without it being known. After some months her thoughts clear, she sees how silly she has been and the story, after giving a dramatic scene between husband and wife, with a complete reconciliation, ends with her tucking her baby in bed.

This is not the account of a love affair, merely of an infatuation that ended before it even became a reality. The woman in the story came back to her realities of home and children and husband, even the semi-poverty they all lived in, and saw the other temporary things as images in a mirror, disappearing when one stepped away from the mirror.

It is a thoroughly interesting, holding and honest story. Unlike the story of Eden, there is no real fall here, except the mental one, but the elements are all there. Safety comes about through love and through a realization of the fact that "what cannot be a duty cannot be a right either." A very good tale, and I recommend it to my readers, despite the half praise given it by most critics.



# Record Flight

By FRANCIS H. SIBSON

Illustrated by L. JAMBOR

THE PLANE seemed to be hanging without motion or apparent effort of any kind, over an endless, ever-moving, unreal-looking chart of living sea and lifeless, dun-colored land. Captain John Kenrick noticed nothing. He would have noticed only if the engine had faltered or stopped, for the eyes behind the airman's goggles were weary and bloodshot.

The keen-featured, rather sensitive face looked peaked and fevered from sleeplessness and strain; from the way his body was slumped in the pilot's seat it was obvious that he was nearly "all in."

He muttered to himself, inaudibly, as he glanced at the clock on the instrument-board. "Nearly two hours ahead of my own schedule. More than three ahead of the record. If it doesn't come through heavy from the southwest now the job's as good as done."

A long, island-guarded bay of calm blue had come into sight. At its far end, all shimmering in the superheated air of the South American coastal desert, were clustered substantial stone buildings; beyond, a rocky cape, with a lighthouse on it.

The next moment a town was beneath, then behind him. Pernam could not be very far ahead now, and it was still quite early in the morning. He ought to be at his destination well before sunset.

And then—*sleep!*

And it would be worth it! Achievement—that longing to do things, for the sheer satisfaction of having done them, had been the motive-power behind his whole life, and he had several world-famous flights to his credit.

Good Lord!

Those buildings had come up quickly! Kenrick blinked his leaden eyelids, then realized that he had fallen asleep at the controls! He could see what looked like a model railway—and was that actually a steam-shovel at work at the other end? He forced himself to take an interest in what he saw. He must not doze again.

Even though the propeller flung the

air past him at hurricane-force, it was very hot and breathless. Even at this early hour of the morning the sun seemed to be reflecting from everywhere.

Of a sudden it was as if that searing light and heat, multiplied a thousandfold, had become universal, intolerable, positive and malignant. The world was a furnace now. It had flashed into one vast and murderous incandescence.

For a whole second he flew on, helpless with horror. Then his sleep-drugged brain awoke—and in that waking his heart jarred within him as if it were a bursting bomb.

*It was the plane that was burning.*

All the forepart of the fuselage was one red torch of roaring flames. They swept back with the gale of his passage and snarled about him like the blast of a monster blow-torch. His clothes were glowing on him as he flung himself out of the cockpit—out and down.

Down through half a mile of air he came, his garments flaking from him, his gasoline-soaked helmet a crown of fire. He clawed and beat at himself. Then a vestige of the airman's instinct came to him. He snatched with a skinless hand for the parachute rip-cord. His equipment was of the seat-cushion type and its case had been protected by his body from the flames. It opened perfectly.

Almost naked, limp, and mercifully unconscious he came down, on the oven-hot sand, near to the steam-shovel. The men came running, with sharply horrified shoutings. A little farther on, upon a dun-colored sand-hill, the wreckage of the plane blazed.

They had done their best for him in the hospital but, marked as he was, how could he face again the world of men and women, and machines, and workshops, and home? He could not even endure the workshop after what one of its machines had done to him. His nerve was gone—and very well and bitterly he knew it. His very

soul shuddered and was sick within him at the mere sight of any of man's mechanisms.

But where, outside the workshop, dare he go? The places of pleasure would resent his intrusion. One did not blame them—it was just inevitable.

"The mere sight of him gives me the horrors," he could imagine them saying. "Why can't he keep himself out of the way?"

No. One could not blame, one could but cringe away—and hide.

BUT he was not hiding; he had escaped. *Escaped*, he reassured himself savagely. And this long-derelect farm where he now found himself, with its long-empty homestead, must give him work and interest enough to occupy him, keep his brain from brooding. Here, he knew, was danger—of a mental canker which might well complete the man-destroying work that the blazing gasoline had begun.

It was something that he recognized that danger. He could watch for it, guard himself against it.

He was standing half-way up a rickety step-ladder, whitewashing the dining room walls. In the kitchen he could hear Jim, his house-boy, clattering away at the dish-washing. Through the window he caught a glimpse of something moving, a mile off, along the dusty track that was the district's main motor-road.

That would be the mail-car at last!

The thought of the mail-car had been at the back of his mind ever since he had awakened that morning; and with it had been the faintly fugitive thrill of a hope that persisted against certainty. It was American mail-day. There *might* be a letter from Charmaine. . . .

He got down from the ladder and went out to the gate.

There was but one letter from America—in a business envelope bearing a New York post-mark.

Birkenshaw! Old Tommy Birkenshaw! What was this? Wanted him to come back, did he, and take charge of the experimental and test department? Birkenshaw Brothers. Flying-boats and seaplanes. A big firm. A fine position in that firm—under a Managing Director who had been one of his best friends for years.

But . . . No! Good God, no! Tommy ought to have known better. With a little shiver of repulsion he crumpled the letter and pushed it away from him across the table.

He lit his pipe and climbed the ladder again.

But his work was again to be interrupted. There sounded, about twenty minutes later, a knock on the front door.

Slipping on a cap he went to the door and opened it.

In the shadow of the veranda, a slender silhouette against the glare behind her, stood a woman. A girl. For one wild moment he thought it might be Charmaine.

But of course it was not Charmaine. This girl was shorter, and she was dressed in the usual Brazil country fashion—a khaki shirt with sleeves rolled above the elbows and a short khaki skirt. She looked hot and tired.

"Good afternoon," she said, in a voice that was frank and clear. "Can you help me out with a little gasoline? I'm Miss Shields, and I ran out about two miles back. It's about twenty miles on to Murray's, isn't it? A gallon ought to be enough. Can you help me out?"

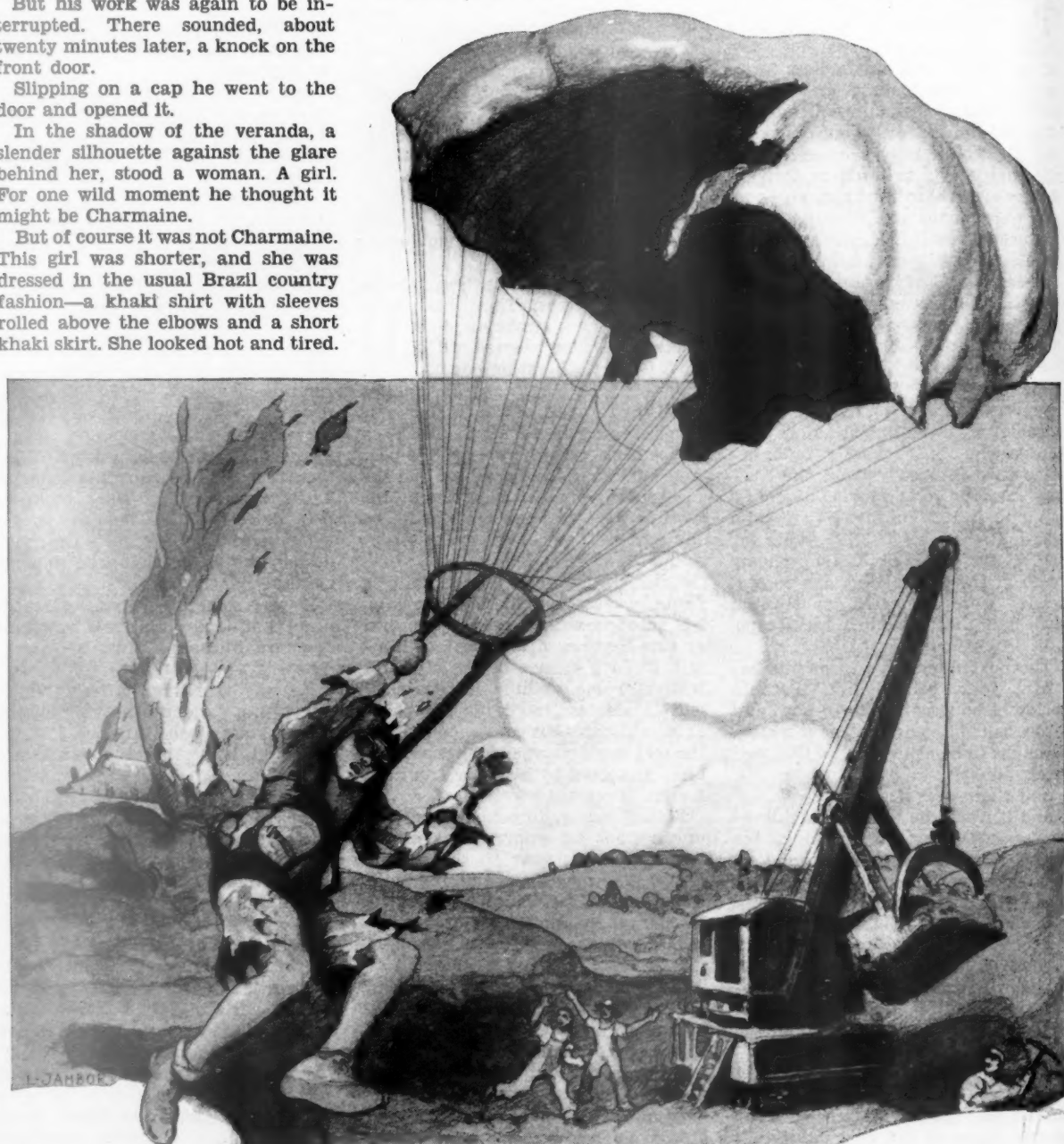
For the moment he evaded the question. "Do you mind if I don't ask you in?" he asked awkwardly. "The rooms are all a mess. It's cooler on the veranda anyway. Sit down now and I'll see about some tea. My name's Kenrick, by the way."

He had come out quickly past her,

and led the way to the chair he had pointed out—still keeping his face half-turned, and still wearing his cap. He saw that she had noticed, so he began his usual but still clumsy explanation about a persistent cold in the head, and doctor's orders, and—

"That's all right," she told him—but the unaffected directness of her speech was giving place to something of the same embarrassment that was so plain in his own manner.

She had sat down, and he could see her better now. She had brown eyes under a waving crown of chestnut hair. Her lips looked as though they



He came down on the soft, oven-hot sand near to the steam-shovel

could easily be moved to laughter—or to an implacably determined anger against anything which, in the sight of those straight brown eyes, was not straight.

"I'll see about that tea," he said, and went past her again, but round the outside of the house to the back—a maneuver which still prevented her from seeing one side of his face. In two minutes he returned via the front door, carrying another chair.

"ABOUT the gasoline," he told her, sitting down . . . "I've sent one of my boys for some. You'll only be kept about an hour. You'll get to Murray's easily before sunset."

"Thanks very much. I'm afraid I'm giving you a whole lot of trouble. Do you know the Murrays?"

"I've just met Mr. Murray, that's all. He looked me up the day after I arrived. Seemed a very fine—"

He broke off, aghast. He knew what he had done, even as he did it. It is hard to keep up a perpetual guard over every little, natural movement of the body. For a moment he had forgotten—and turned fully to her. And she had recoiled, instinctively, before there had been a chance for her to get a grip on herself. The other side of Kenrick's face was just a mottling of shrunken skin, so tautly stretched that the cheekbone stood out—and the corner of the mouth was drawn up.

"I'm—sorry," he stammered. "I'm afraid I've startled you. You see—I've been—rather badly burned. Forgive me."

"Forgive me, Mr. Kenrick," she cried vibrantly. "Captain Kenrick!" she went on, recovering herself—and now her voice was clear and full again. "And I never guessed! Look here, I want to shake hands with you!"

She had sprung up, come over to him. Hesitantly his hand came out to hers. There was nothing that she could say, beyond what her generous, forthright instinct had already said for her; but, had she only known it, the quick sympathy of her eyes and the quiver of her lips were telling him more than any mere words could have done—to his great and lasting healing.

Here at least, he thought, was someone who could look at him, and go on looking at him without fainting at the sight. More than that—she had implied that she could even look on his disfigurement as in some sense a scar of honor. That emphasis of hers on his old rank had made it clear that she knew all about him now. . . .

When at last the boy arrived with the gasoline she arose.

"And now I must really go," she

said regretfully; "and thank you very much for all you've done."

\* \* \*

"We ought to go and see him," said Duncan Murray. He was a big, slow-moving man with much of the look of the older type of regimental officer. He and his wife and Marion Shields were sitting out, after dinner, on the broad veranda of the big, rambling, cheerful-looking Murray homestead, enjoying the cool of the deepening night.

"Is it very awful?" asked Mrs. Murray quietly.

"Pretty bad," said the husband frankly. "I don't wonder at him breaking off his engagement."

"Oh, was he engaged?" cried Marion.

"Yes. A Miss Lumley. Charmaine Lumley."

"A tall girl," put in Mrs. Murray, "with fluffy gold hair and blue eyes. A bit of a doll, I thought, but of course—"

"Anyway, he broke it off. Naturally, the way he looked at it, it was the only thing he could do."

"It was a splendid thing to do," cried Marion, "but—I wonder whether he really saw *her* side? I mean, she might have loved him for something else besides his face. Some of us do, you know—"

"Luckily for me," put in Murray.

"But I wonder—if he went back. . . ."

"He won't go back," pronounced Murray. "Would you go back if you were in his place? He's happier here."

"I wonder?" breathed the girl again.

"Anyhow, we'll ask him over for this week-end," said Kathleen Murray. "Let's see—we must not have a crowd."

"Bill Walker and his wife are coming, aren't they?" asked Murray.

"Yes—but that's all. And Bill was an aviator, so Captain Kenrick will have someone to talk to who'll understand him."

The husband went off to write to Kenrick. The two women were left alone.

**K**ENRICK came on Saturday. He was in flannels, with a helmet in place of the cap. As he walked up the path he looked a goodly enough figure of a man. His face was in the shadow of the helmet.

But no one was prepared for the coming of the Walkers—or the manner of it either. Their farm was nearly a hundred miles away, with some bad stretches of road between. Hardly was lunch over when a clear, hornet-like booming sounded on the air, coming apparently from everywhere at once, and presently, sweeping down towards the flat by the river,

came a high-wing cabin monoplane.

The plane flattened out fairly well, but landed, nose-up, on the tail-skid, with some subsequent bumping. As Walker ruefully admitted when they ran down to meet them, he was out of practice and the machine herself rather different from the kind of craft he had handled in the War.

They all admired the plane—all except Kenrick. He was looking at the engine—staring!

"I WONDER," said Marion quietly to her hostess, "if this is a bit of luck—or not?"

Mrs. Murray told Walker, as she had told his wife in the afternoon, of the reason behind Kenrick's presence, of their fears—and hopes—for their new neighbor.

"Good Lord!" said Walker. "And I asked him to come up with me! No wonder he didn't want to!"

Mrs. Murray looked at him. "Do you know," she said, "I'm not sure that that wouldn't be the best thing that could happen—to get him up in a plane again? But how could it be done?"

The answer to that question came in the small hours of the next morning, with a light tapping at the door of the Murrays' bedroom. Kathleen Murray awoke to the noise and, trying not to disturb her husband, tiptoed to the door. There she found Marion Shields leaning against the lintel, in a dressing gown.

"I'm awfully sorry," she whispered, "but—can you come to my room a minute? I think—there's something wrong—down here." She put a hand to her side, just above the thigh.

"What's matter, Kath?" came Murray's sleepy voice.

"It's Marion. I think she's—Good Heavens, dear, what is it?" For Marion had suddenly gripped the lintel with convulsive hands, was beginning to slip slowly down. "Here, help me get her to her room, quick!"

Between them they helped her back to her bed.

"Now get out, Dunk—but stand by for orders," said Mrs. Murray.

She bent over the quietly moaning figure on the bed. A minute later she thrust her head out at the door. "Get some ice," she whispered. "Don't wake the others!"

But in the morning the whole household knew that Marion Shields had been taken suddenly ill—and that Mrs. Murray feared appendicitis.

"We'll have to get her to town," she said with decisive brevity. "I can't do anything. It's a matter for a surgeon—and the sooner the better."

They were standing in a group in the dining-room.



"I'll have the car round right away," said her husband.

"Car's no good!" she answered. "The bumping on our roads would just about kill her. She absolutely *mustn't* be bumped."

"Well, I'd better take her, then," put in Walker. "I'll fly her there in no time."

"But can you guarantee *you* won't bump her? From the way you landed yesterday, and what you told us. . . . Forgive me, but this may be life and death."

"I'd do my best," said Walker; "but—oh, damn it, this is awful! I can't guarantee. . . . Couldn't Captain Kenrick—"

"It would hardly be fair to ask him, if we can possibly—"

There was a short, dry cough from behind them. It was Kenrick himself. His features were working strangely, as if he were trying to force out words that would not come.

"I'll take her," he managed to say at last. "That is, if you'll let me use the plane."

"Let you?" answered Walker. "It'll be safer in your hands than mine! But are you sure you can. . . ."

He left the question unasked, but Kenrick understood.

"I've got to," he replied grimly.

There was no other way out of it. They all felt something of what Kenrick must be going through as the machine was prepared; but when the blanketed form of Marion was carried out and helped on to the seat beside him his eyes were flintily determined. They propped and packed her in with cushions, and mutely she thanked them all, with over-bright eyes in a flushed face of fever.

Kenrick pressed the starter, and the engine drowned all further farewells. Its even hum rose smoothly to a roar; the machine quivered, began to move forward, was off and climbing steadily into the warm blue of the morning.

"I hope they'll be all right," said Murray.

"It's kill or cure anyhow," said his wife. And she was not thinking of the girl.

**K**ENRICK'S first thought was one of amazement. He realized that from the moment of pressing the starter he had handled the controls quite instinctively and with perfect judgment. Whatever might have happened to his mind, his hand had not lost its skill. For a fleeting instant he had actually recaptured an echo of his old, fledgling sense of exultant mastery of machine and elements together. He was back again in an old and very familiar place; and hand

and eye and brain had slipped without effort into the old, familiar and instinctive union. Back again in the pilot's seat—yes; *closed within this cramped cabin, with a sick girl beside him, a tank of potential liquid death above and behind him, and not even a parachute. . . .*

Every nerve in Kenrick's body was set a-shrinking and a-shuddering by the picture, and more than picture, which imagination had flung before his recoiling brain. He must have showed something of it in his face. He became aware of a light pressure against his side—the girl he had volunteered to save. She was leaning a little against him—and her face was stonily set.

**T**HAT braced him. He had to go through with it. She was on the rack—*now*. The possibility of his having to endure it again, in any plane, was absurdly remote. This was the woman who had first heartened him to face again his own kind. He set his teeth, fighting down and casting out his fear.

"How are you feeling?" he asked almost naturally.

"It isn't so bad now," she answered faintly—and a warm rush of tenderness for her flooded over him. Not so bad now! And even as she said it her very face had given her the lie.

He resolved to concentrate, as never pilot had concentrated before, on the smooth steering of the machine. She should not be jarred or jolted if he could save her: she *must* not be jarred.

"We shan't be long now," he announced some two hours later.

The girl sat up a little, turned a hesitating face to him, her eyes heavy and troubled now. And even as she wiped from her cheeks the rouge which had feigned the fever of her feigned disorder, even as she stammered out that truth which might well make him hate her and loathe all thought of her for her deceit—she knew that she had succeeded, that the man who sat beside her, staring with such dumb incredulity at her, was a man again. No one could take that from her, whatever he might say now.

"Forgive me, Mr. Kenrick," she ended pleadingly, with an appealing hand on his arm. "I only wanted to help, to be of some use—"

"But—Mrs. Murray!" he gasped, still utterly bewildered. "How on earth did you make her think—?"

"She knew—all along—from the time she came to my room. She didn't want me to do it—at first—but I made her help. We've all wanted to—help—somehow. We've all been thinking and

trying to think how we could help you—and that girl in New York—"

He had been flying subconsciously, keeping the plane in a straight line for the nearing airfield. Now the machine quivered a little—in sympathy with the sudden start he had given.

"What girl in New York?" he demanded.

He was aroused at last. Marion clenched her hands under the blanket.

"The—the girl you were engaged to. I heard about it—Kathleen heard about it—the way you went away because you wouldn't hold her. It was *fine* of you—but—didn't you ever think that *she* might still want you? I've no *right* to talk like this, I know, but—oh, but—why are you going down?" she finished wearily. "There's no need to land now!"

"I want to send a cable," he informed her in a colorless voice.

"A cable?" she echoed with a tiny thrill of hope—with which was mingled an unreasoning regret, an unavailing longing, a sense of coming loss. He was cabling to the girl.

"Yes. Tommy Birkenshaw—Birkenshaw Brothers. They've offered me a job—and I reckon I'll take it. Stand by. I'm landing."

He brought the machine smoothly to earth, in the centre of the landing-ground. Then he turned to her again.

"And you mean to say," he asked her, in a queerly strangled tone, "that you've done all this, chanced what you have, taken the risk of my crashing you as I might have done if my nerve had *really* gone—just for my sake—and another woman's?"

**L**OOK HERE," he blundered on, "you said something about a girl in New York—that you'd done this for her. Well," he went on, "I'm going to tell you something that only another soul in the world knows—something that no one else but you must *ever* know. The woman you speak of gave me no chance of imagining she might still want me, as you put it. She came along to—er—inspect the ruins as soon as I'd got out of the hospital. She let me know—oh, very delicately, I can assure you—she's quite the lady—that there was definitely nothing doing. . . . So she's been spreading the yarn that I cleared off, has she? Well, of course, the yarn does look better that way—for her."

There was a silence—a long silence.

Then in an awed whisper he spoke: "I might have *seen* it! You do care! And yet you were going to let me go back to—to—"

Two airfield officials looked in at the cabin-window—and then swiftly away again.

"About turn!" said one of them.

# THE SIGN-POST

## QUESTIONS + ANSWERS + LETTERS

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

### Will of God and Evil

*Is there any teaching of the Church which defines the limits between what God wills to happen and what He permits to happen? In other words, is it possible to distinguish in our worldly affairs between God's plan and our own personal success or failure? For example, illness may result from carelessness or ignorance, which may be positive. How then is a sick person to feel? As one who has failed to compete with the forces of nature, or as one whom God has chosen to bear a cross? It has been demonstrated that the Russian Church through fatalism failed to fight against Communism, believing that God's will was being done. Of course, this situation does not hold true here, but the case may help to show what I mean.—J. J. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

Whatever has being depends on the will of God, directly or indirectly. God's causality extends to all things, even the smallest. Our Lord said that a sparrow does not fall to the ground without His Father knowing and willing it (Matt. 10:29). In other words, whatever happens or exists is due to the will of God, otherwise it couldn't exist or happen, for by Him all things subsist. But all things that have being or existence are not *approved* by God, that is He is not pleased with them; some things are only *permitted*. "God never intends evil in itself. Physical evil or natural defects and the evil of pain (punishment) He wills in an accidental way, but moral evil (sin) He intends neither in itself nor in an accidental way, but only permits it." (Tanqueray, *Theol. Dog.* Vol II, n. 480). God does not will earthquakes, sickness, etc., directly for their own sake, but only indirectly for some good end. Moral evil or sin God never wills, nor can He will it. The object of the will—both human and divine—is the good. But God never is mistaken about good. His intelligence and will are infinitely perfect. God positively forbids sin, yet He allows it to happen. He brings good even out of sin. The sins of men crucified Christ but His death atoned for them and opened for sinners the way to divine friendship and eternal salvation.

God's natural concurrence accompanies every act of our being—physical, mental, and religious. He even lends men the power to sin against Him. But this does not mean that He wills sin. Sickness and misfortune which follow from one's own folly are primarily due to the defect of human nature and perhaps the abuse of free will. God permits such things, because He "has left man in the hand of his own counsel" (Ecclus. 15:14). But even these can be made opportunities of good, if they are accepted in a penitential spirit ("In many

things we all offend"; "unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish"), as history abundantly proves.

We presume that you refer to the Orthodox Church, which was the established Church of Russia. It is true that there was an atmosphere of "fatalism" in this Church, but whether it has been demonstrated that it did *nothing* to stop Communism is not clear to us. The Orthodox Church in Russia before the Revolution was practically a department of the State. It lacked energy and the apostolic spirit and was in no position to oppose the forces of Bolshevism. This is the inevitable result of separation from the See of St. Peter, the source of unity.

### Church Wealth in Spain

*A friend of mine who is a devout Catholic claims that the trouble in Spain and Mexico can be blamed upon the Church holding so much of the land and wealth of the country while keeping the people in poverty and ignorance through the centuries. I believe otherwise but wish that you would give me some definite information on the subject.—H. M., ARLINGTON, MASS.*

You may assure your friend that she is grossly misinformed. There are some splendid churches both in Mexico and in Spain (perhaps I should say *were*). In these churches there were masterpieces of art. Any informed person realizes that such ecclesiastical museums are not sources of revenue.

Let me quote Bishop Gannon of Erie who reported on his return from Spain in September, 1938: "None of the clergy had been highly paid. In 1935 they enjoyed a fixed salary. For the sake of comparison—in England the Anglican Bishops received from \$15,000 to \$45,000 a year while the Primate Cardinal of Spain received less than \$4500 per year. The Spanish Bishops received \$2500 per year and the Spanish parish priests \$150 per year. The parish priest received about half that of the village schoolmaster. . . . I have often seen the word 'priest-ridden' loosely used about Spain. Before the war and the slaughter there was one parish priest to every 1200 Spaniards. I am acquainted with the living conditions of the clergy in England, Ireland, Canada, and the United States. And I find by comparison that the living conditions of the Spanish clergy are the poorest, the simplest and the most modest of all. His daily food, his bed and library, his clothes and bodily comforts are poorer than any national clergy, whether Protestant or Catholic, I know."

In regard to the Church wealth in Spain there is a report from the N. C. W. C. under date of January

23rd, 1939. It brings out facts which even our enemies who falsely accuse the Church must know. In 1835, 1836 and 1837 Mendizabal's great expropriation of Church property took place. The economist Guerra valued the property at 2,600,000,000 pesetas at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1851 for the sake of peace the Church renounced all rights to the property involved. So, for the last eighty years the Church in Spain has been very poor. The Church in Spain survived on a miserably low income for almost a century. In October, 1931, the Cabinet of the Republic cut the ecclesiastical budget to the bone. Article 26 of the Republican Constitution reads: "The total extinction of the budget for the payment of the clergy (will be effected) within a period of two years." The budget approved in 1933 omitted all ecclesiastical obligations but approved the payment of a 500 peseta bonus (the peseta's value is about 10¢) to each priest over fifty years of age; \$50.00 to last a man the rest of his life! In small villages some pastors, after 50 years in the priesthood, were paid as little as \$7.20 per month. Assistant priests received proportionately smaller amounts.

### The Oxford Group

*Since Buchmanists, or members of the "Oxford Group," do not set themselves up as a distinct Church, may Catholics take part in their meetings?—H. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

It is true that the Buchmanist movement does not declare itself to be a Church. But, as Bishop Besson of Lausanne, Geneva and Fribourg recently warned, Buchmanism is indifferent to the hierarchy, the Sacraments, dogma, etc. Moreover, it does not require explicit belief in the divinity of Christ. Such an attitude should be sufficient warning to Catholics that they may not share in Buchmanistic gatherings.

### Questions About Blessed Virgin Mary

*(1) If the Blessed Virgin Mary never sinned because she had "sufficient" grace to overcome all sin, she did not have as much free will as other people, did she? If so she would not deserve so much credit for avoiding sin. (2) Catholics believe that all graces come "through Mary." Why can't God give His graces to us directly if He wants to? (3) How do we know that Mary hears our prayers? (4) Does the Bible sanction praying to the Blessed Virgin? If so, where? (5) In regard to Mary's virginity the Bible says, "before they (Mary and Joseph) came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. 1:18). Does not this imply that they did afterwards?—W. P. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.*

(1) Free will is the faculty of choosing means which are suitable to the end we should attain. It has been given to rational beings by God that they might freely choose to be united to Him in charity, and therefore to make choice of the means suitable to attain this union. To commit evil (sin) and therefore to elect *not* to be united with God is not a perfection but rather an *imperfection* of human liberty, just as falling into error is an imperfection of the human mind. If free will could not exist unless one were free to choose evil, it would follow that the angels and the saints—and even God Himself—were not free, for they cannot choose evil. Yet God is supremely free, and so are the angels and saints in their order. The Blessed Virgin by "a singular

grace and privilege" of Almighty God was preserved entirely from the stain of original sin and also by a special privilege of divine grace she was preserved from every actual sin. In fact she was impeccable. This privilege in no way injured her free will, rather her free will was so perfected by divine grace that her marvelous co-operation therewith merited further increase of grace to such a degree that it is simply incalculable. She is the most perfect and the most free creature ever to come from the hand of God. "Sufficient" grace does not apply to her.

(2) God only is the source of divine grace and He is free to distribute it as He pleases, but so great was Mary's co-operation in the work of the Redemption that God has been pleased to distribute the fruits thereof through the Mother of the Redeemer. Which is most becoming. This is not a defined doctrine of faith, but is the common teaching of theologians and the Roman Pontiffs. (See *Mary's Part in Our Redemption* by Canon Smith).

(3) We believe that the Blessed Virgin and the saints hear our prayers because such is the Catholic faith, based on the Communion of Saints. The faithful on earth, the saints in heaven and the souls in Purgatory form the "mystical body of Christ." All the members share their blessings with one another that all might be saved.

The angels hear our prayers (Tob. 12:12) and what the angels can do, surely the Queen of the Angels can also accomplish. The same with the saints. They are all God's most dear friends.

(4) The Bible nowhere in explicit words prescribes that we pray to Mary, but there is clearly in evidence the wondrous power of her intercession in the miracle of Cana. Her power of intercession has not ceased but rather increased in her state of glory. The Bible, you should remember, is not the *sole* source of divine revelation or of Christian practice.

(5) The inference is not valid. The Evangelist by the use of such words as "before" and "until" wished to show what certainly did *not* happen before the conception of Christ without implying that it did happen afterward. Christian tradition and the teaching of the living Church renders belief in the perpetual virginity of Mary most certain. The above and many other objections to this doctrine are explained in a convincing manner by Fr. Conway in his pamphlet on *The Virgin Birth*, published by The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York City; five cents, net.

### Nature of Adam's Sin

*What was the nature of Adam's sin committed in the Garden of Eden? I assume that it was a purely mental one because we know that Adam lacked concupiscence, which naturally eliminates an inordinate attraction or desire for anything. Many people claim that it was a thought or act of impurity on the part of our first parents, but I contend it was a sin of direct disobedience to God.—J. T., ST. LOUIS, MO.*

The sin that Adam committed in Paradise was a sin of pride, which manifested itself in disobedience to the explicit prohibition of God not to eat of the fruit of one tree. St. Thomas teaches, that man was so constituted in the state of innocence that no rebellion of the flesh against the spirit was possible. The first sin, therefore, could not have been a desire for some sensible good against the order of reason. (2, 2, q. 163, art. 1.) But Adam could sin by desiring a *spiritual* good in an inordinate manner. This was what he did when he suc-



cumbed to the temptation of the devil, who had already deceived Eve, and who used the latter to deceive her husband. Adam desired to be "like God, knowing good and evil" by his own will, not by God's will. The prohibition to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was the test of his subjection to God. By desiring to be independent of God he violated his creature status with all its marvelous blessings. As a consequence he lost sanctifying grace and the preternatural gifts which accompanied it. That his was a sin of pride manifesting itself in disobedience is the plain statement of Holy Scripture: "God hath commanded us that we should not eat and that we should not touch it, lest perhaps we die" (Gen. 3:3). St. Paul (Rom. 5:19) agrees with this when he contrasts the disobedience of Adam with the obedience of Christ: "For as by the disobedience of one man many were made sinners, so also by the obedience of one many shall be made just." This disposes of the contention that Adam's sin was one against purity or chastity. Besides Adam and Eve were united in marriage by God at their creation and given the command to "increase and multiply" (Gen. 1:27, 28). Fulfillment of this command would be a virtue, not a sin. The rebellion which exists between the flesh and the spirit in man as he exists today is the result of Adam's sin, not the cause of it. Through the mercy of God man can obtain the remission of original sin and become incorporated with the new Adam, Jesus Christ, by Baptism and the infusion of sanctifying grace. But even after Baptism concupiscence remains in the just, a reminder of what human nature has lost through the pride of the first man.

### Pontius Pilate: His Guilt

(1) Is anything known about what became of Pontius Pilate after the trial and condemnation of Christ? (2) Have there not been efforts to free Pilate from blame in the death of Christ—or at least to make out that he later became a Christian?—F. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) After ten years of misrule as Procurator of Judea there occurred an incident which led to the downfall of Pontius Pilate. Some Samaritans, misled by a false prophet, went to Mount Gerizim in the hope of finding sacred vessels which Moses was supposed to have hidden there before his death. They were pitilessly massacred by the Roman soldiers acting under Pilate's orders. The Samaritans sent a complaint to Vitellius, the Roman Legate in Syria, who ordered Pilate to go to Rome to render to the Emperor an account of his conduct. While on his way to Rome he learned of the death of Tiberius.

The remainder of Pilate's life is veiled in obscurity. According to Eusebius, he was banished to Vienne in Gaul where he took his own life. There are a great many legends concerning his last days and the manner of his death, but they are of no historical value.

(2) Even at a very early date an effort was made to minimize Pilate's part in the condemnation of Christ. Tertullian speaks of Pilate as "already a Christian in conscience." Similar sentiments are frequently expressed in the Apocryphal writings. The Abyssinian Church honors him as a martyr, celebrating his feast on the 25th of June.

In spite of all that has been said in his favor, however, and in spite of the fact that we will always experience a sentiment of gratitude to him for having declared Christ innocent, and for his efforts to release Him, yet on him as well as on the Jews rests the responsibility for the condemnation of Christ. There is nothing in the

Gospel account of the trial of Christ that would modify the traditional estimate of Pilate's character.

### Herod Antipas and Herod the Great

*Was the Herod to whom Pilate sent Christ the same as the Herod who slaughtered the Holy Innocents after the birth of Christ? Do we know anything about him beyond what the Gospels tell us?—L. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

Herod Antipas, to whom Pontius Pilate sent Christ, was a son of the Herod who slaughtered the Holy Innocents. Herod Antipas was the Tetrarch of Galilee and Perea. In order to preserve peace with the Arabs, he married the daughter of Aretas, their king. He afterward put her aside for Herodias, the wife of his brother Philip. It was for this marriage that he was reproached by St. John the Baptist. (Luke 3:19). The repudiation of the daughter of King Aretas precipitated a war with the Arabs in which Herod was defeated.

It was the ambition and jealousy of Herodias that finally proved Herod's undoing. When Caligula, the Roman Emperor, appointed Agrippa ruler over the Tetrarchy of Philip with the title of King, Herodias, goaded on by ambition and jealousy, persuaded Herod Antipas to ask the same title for himself, and for this purpose he set out for Rome. Agrippa, informed of the projects of Antipas, sent messengers to the Emperor, accusing him of plotting a revolt. Herod Antipas was deposed and exiled, and his Tetrarchy was given to Agrippa. Herod was banished to Lyons in Gaul.

### Italian Popes

*A non-Catholic acquaintance recently asked me why all the Popes have been of Italian descent. Will you please answer this question?—M. L., FLUSHING, N. Y.*

No matter how often the above erroneous supposition is refuted it manages to survive. The truth of the matter is that there have been Popes of many nationalities during the long life of the Church. Thus, there have been 15 French Popes, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Jew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Cretan and 1 Englishman. (*Catholic Belief, Bruno*). Adrian VI, a Dutchman, was the last non-Italian Pope. Since his death in 1522 none but Italians have been elected to the papacy, and for the last five hundred years none but members of the College of Cardinals. This custom is an ecclesiastical tradition of expedience rather than of necessity.

One reason for the election of so many Italians to the papacy is that the Pope is Bishop of Rome. It is but natural that many of the Bishops of Rome should be Italians. Had St. Peter fixed his See in Dublin, we would not think it strange that many if not most of the Popes were Irish and Dubliners to boot. As to the expedience of electing Italian Popes, one should read the history of the Babylonian Captivity of the Papacy, when for seventy years the French Popes lived at Avignon, and were used as tools by the French kings. The Popes are more free in Rome than anywhere else. And the schism which followed the return of the Pope to Rome—the great Western Schism—was the gravest crisis which the Church ever faced. The Reformation was tolerable compared to that. And all because the French Popes didn't wish to live in Rome. That sad experience taught the Cardinals a lesson. The election of an Italian is one of the best means to insure the residence of the Pope in the See of St. Peter—Rome.

# Letters

• **LETTERS** should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

## ON OUR FOREIGN POLICY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In February "Current Fact and Comment" two separate items appear to contradict each other, to wit: "Our American Foreign Policy" begins, "The traditional American Foreign policy has been definitely one of isolation. Over a century and a half of our history has more than justified this policy." "Pan-American Front for Freedom" begins, "The Pan-American Conference at Lima, Peru, has been an acknowledgment that we cannot live, no matter how much we may desire it, in isolation from the rest of the world."

Now after reading item No. 1 I just sort of nodded assent and gave a grunt about damnable "entangling alliances." But a little while afterwards I was reading item No. 2, and then. . . .

*Prima facie* it was a contradiction. Then after a close reading I saw that, everything considered, there wasn't any contradiction. In the first item you were referring to embroiling ourselves in European political quarrels, and in the second item you were referring to commercial alliances among nations of the western hemisphere. And there the matter might well have rested, but as a matter of fact it didn't.

Discussing the matter with others, a number of difficulties presented themselves in regard to a clear understanding of our policy of isolation. And the upshot of it was that we decided to write to the Editor and suggest that he find someone to write an article on the subject which will help clarify the situation—an article which would discuss some of the following issues:

- (1) Different types of alliances, i.e., commercial, military, ideological, etc.
- (2) Necessity for various alliances, either defensive or offensive, based on self-preservation.
- (3) The relationship of one form of alliance to another, e.g., in circumstances, a commercial alliance may in effect be a military alliance; a spiritual alliance may be a political, etc.
- (4) What did Washington mean when he spoke of "entangling alliances"? His recognition of contemporary alliances, e.g., the French Alliance of 1788, the Spanish Alliance of 1795 and the Jay Treaty of 1796. His recognition of the fact that alliances are necessary, and the general principles he laid down regarding the formation of such alliances. These points were gathered from a close reading of the Farewell Address.
- (5) The increasing need of social and commercial alliances today, arising from:
  - (a) the intensification of nationalism and the growth of nations;
  - (b) the spread of industrialism to all nations, so that now all are seeking raw materials in

world markets, and seeking world markets for their finished products and raw materials;

(c) the advance of science, which through means of modern transportation and communication throws the nations of the world into quasi-immediate relationship.

(6) Implications of the Monroe Doctrine: Who are "foreign powers"? The natural geographic ties binding nations of our hemisphere.

I suppose by this time you are observing that "a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer." Howbeit, I think that before we begin to sit in judgment on the nations, or on the policy of our own government, it is necessary to clarify this much-obscured field. In the light of recent events and particularly our Congressional discussions I thought that an article on the matter would be timely.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

G. J. F.

## DR. BENES AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Last month I listened to an address by Dr. Benes, ex-President of Czechoslovakia. The address was in response to a dinner and reception accorded him by five hundred alumni of Chicago University in New York. He was being welcomed to the University as guest-lecturer. As I listened to his carefully prepared speech on European Affairs and Democracy, his remarks and in fact the very purpose of the dinner, set up a whole train of reflections and pertinent questions which I still find clamoring for expression. It is not too late, I hope, to publish them.

Dr. Benes has been invited by the University of Chicago to deliver a series of lectures to our American youth on the meaning of democracy. There is the glamour of tragedy in high places clinging to this man and therefore his pronouncements and attitudes will have more effect upon his young, impressionable listeners than would those of the average European refugee professor. Before the minds of our youth are entrusted to his tutelage, therefore, we have both the right and the duty to ask what he understands by democracy.

When a public speaker chooses as the topic of his discussion such an abstract subject as "Democracy," we expect him to define his terms. Dr. Benes was gloriously vague and rhetorical with regard to the word. His whole speech, nevertheless, was shot through with turns of thought and expression not so vague and meaningless to those initiated into the mysteries of the pseudo-philosophies of Hegel, Marx and Engels.

He spoke for instance of "the dynamic and static nations" and of "the evolution of democracy." He asserted that "events have shown that democracy can be preserved only in *progressive* States that are prepared for modern development." And moreover, that "*great general changes* in European conditions must be brought about before problems of commerce and nationalism can be resolved." He said he prided himself on being not merely "a realist in politics, but also a *moralist*." He averred that in his opinion it "is not only a question of *what today is or is not happening* in Europe. It is also a question of *what should happen*. . . . I ask not only *what is* but also *what should be*." He spoke of his own country—and this too dispassionately for a patriot—as having been put into its present position "by fate."

On the face of it these expressions seem harmless enough. But if you begin to ask yourself what he means

by all this and happen also to know something about the dialectical materialism of Marx and Engels and their co-relative theory of the economic interpretation of history, you will most certainly begin to doubt the qualifications of Dr. Benes as an exponent to our youth of the principles of *American democracy*.

Anyone familiar with the philosophical terminology of Hegel, Marx and Engels would not be deceived as to the implication in those expressions when used with reference to modern political theory and practice. They smack of the most radical and revolutionary forms of thought.

Have we not the right therefore as Americans, as loyal supporters and defenders of the true democratic theory of government, to demand that the University of Chicago require their guest-professor to state in language shorn of all equivocation and rhetoric just what he means by democracy?

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

IGNATIUS RYAN, C. P.

## REMOVE THE "BORDER" IN IRELAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Why is the plight of the Catholics in Northern Ireland ignored, even by our Catholic editors? Jews here who never had anything to do with Jews in Germany before Hitler came into power, have rallied to their defense and are doing everything to help them. But the Catholics in Northern Ireland have to bear their cross, and their brethren in other lands, who could do so much, won't even take the trouble to inform themselves of what is going on.

Several weeks ago I wrote to the *Star-Eagle* (Newark) giving them facts which have been published in *The Irish Weekly*, a Belfast paper which I get every week. For almost a month I waited to see if they would publish it. They didn't, so I cancelled my subscription and told them why. I received no answer. Then I wrote to the *Herald-News* (Passaic). The letter was printed and the editor's note read: "We have no doubt there is much bigotry in Northern Ireland as there is everywhere. If these quotations are correct they are entirely new to us."

Here are some of the things I wrote: Sir Basil Brooke, Minister of Agriculture, said at a 12th of July meeting, "Many employ Catholics but I haven't one about my place." Sir E. Archdale (Brooke's predecessor) said, "I have 109 officials and only four Catholics, three of whom I had to take because they were Civil Servants." Mr. Andrews, Minister for Labor, urged employers to employ only Protestant workers. Premier Craigavon said, "We have a Protestant Parliament for a Protestant People." One third of the population is Catholic, but when the powers-that-be got through gerrymandering, they had a poor chance of electing one of our Faith to Parliament.

These injustices could be removed by uniting Ireland under Mr. De Valera, but there stands the Border, set up by England. Mr. Chamberlain raises his eyes in horror when Hitler punishes the Jews but his Government is behind Craigavon one hundred per cent. Let England take her troops and financial aid from Northern Ireland and the Border will go overnight. The Catholic clergy and people are trying desperately to bring attention to their case in other countries so that public opinion will force England to give in to Mr. De Valera's just demands. He will visit this country next spring and if we made it known that it would please a lot of voters to know that Mr. Roosevelt suggested justice for Catholics in Northern Ireland, England would probably take

the hint. After all, she expects the U. S. A. to come to her defense in the coming war.

WALLINGTON, N. J.

ISABEL M. SAVAGE.

*Editor's Note:* We heartily endorse Miss Savage's recommendation that our Government, so generously interested in freedom for certain peoples, should express itself on conditions in Northern Ireland. Our correspondent is too hopeful if she expects the secular Press to show the concern for Ireland which it did, for example, for Czechoslovakia.

## A WELCOME TO NOTRE DAME OF WILCOX

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You will never realize just what streak of luck we had lately to be able to get *THE SIGN*. Our time here is very limited but what time we take off from the regular routine and put to use on *THE SIGN* is certainly well spent. Here at Notre Dame of Wilcox our little gang of five score is forever on the go, thus putting to use all time available.

The Artsmen are centered around Lane Hall, a former bank building and now a sanctuary of study and activity. There we have a library that may be ranked among the best in Western Canada. It is well supplied with volumes of books that give us all we need in the fields of history, philosophy, or any line we may be interested in. Among the priceless books are found many old ones that date back as far as the year fourteen hundred and ninety-two. We have some of the best and most outstanding newspapers and magazines in our collection to which we are more than ready to welcome *THE SIGN*. I can assure you that it will get the attention that such an inspiring magazine deserves. I personally have come into contact with many types of monthly magazines, but none that has such a wealth of light and true humanism, and which abounds in so much non-secular literature as yours. We are looking ahead to men such as Christopher Dawson, Hilaire Belloc, etc., to aid in the reconstruction of human thinking through their literature. It is due, to a great extent, to such periodicals as yours that these writers get the prominence in literary fields that they deserve.

I am certain that there are many people who would take advantage of *THE SIGN* if they were acquainted with it. Christian literature also is little heard of in some sections of the country. For this reason I am enclosing a dime for the Index of books reviewed during the last period. *THE SIGN* is in itself a library.

WILCOX, SASK., CANADA.

PHILIP WM. HAUKE.

## COMMENT ON FORT WAYNE HOUSING PROJECT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article, "New Hope for Slum Dwellers," by Walter M. Langford, certainly touches a very sore spot in the Government's housing plan. It is the only plan so far that has reached the largest class of the poor and destitute. In our city the Government has spent several millions on a new housing project and although they cleared away some undesirable dwellings, a large majority of the people now living in this new building are certainly not of the class that most need attention and assistance.

Regarding the Fort Wayne plan, however, I should like to point out what appears to be a bad feature. The author states that in building these homes WPA labor is being used. It seems to me that such action is only



serving to destroy the independent craftsman and placing him in a mass group with a wage scale far below what his trade and craftsmanship is worth. Is not this contrary to the principles of social justice insofar as they demand a living wage and the grouping of craftsmen into vocational groups? If this plan proves successful it will lead the way for other large corporations to grasp the opportunity to employ large numbers of underpaid workmen.

Belloc in his *Restoration of Property* points out that one thing necessary to stable social conditions is the restoration of property ownership to the small holder. This feature also should be incorporated into the plan explained.

OMAHA, NEBR.

REV. FRANCIS F. FISCHER.

*Editor's Note:* We do not believe that any injustice to craftsmen is intended by the plan. Men who are already on WPA are being used for this work instead of for less constructive projects. If someone can suggest an improvement on this plan to insure development of private ownership, the project will be more praiseworthy.

### POPE ALEXANDER VI

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reading over *The Sign-Post*, the answer in regard to Pope Alexander VI (*THE SIGN*, November 1938, p. 304) puzzled me. Why is he referred to as a "favorite Pope?" I had always felt that he was a Pope we had to apologize for. Were not the religious of that time bound by the law of chastity? Is he not considered as rather a blot on our record?

Information such as this, given so boldly and with no apparent regret over such a life, is often a shock to young people who hold the Church and every thing and every person connected with it in high regard. It is hard for them to accept these disappointments in the human element of the Church without sorrow and bewilderment that God would permit these sins in the lives of the highest officers of the Church.

ARLINGTON, N. J.

READER.

*Editor's Note:* Readers who are familiar with Church history and controversy will detect an ironic touch in our reference to Pope Alexander VI. It is passing strange that so many, especially among non-Catholics, concentrate on this pontiff, as though his character were an argument against the divine institution of the papacy. They might as well deny the divine character and mission of Christ Himself because one of His Apostles, Judas Iscariot, betrayed Him for money. Those who are familiar with Christ's teaching know that the Church contains good fish and bad, wise and foolish virgins, cockle and wheat.

### PIOUS UNION OF GOD THE HOLY GHOST

#### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the March, 1938, issue of *THE SIGN* you kindly published a letter of mine regarding "The Pious Union in Honor of God the Holy Ghost." Hundreds of your subscribers not only became members but promoters as well, and I am still receiving letters.

Among the many answers that I received there was untold praise for *THE SIGN* and all thought it America's finest Catholic magazine. Even Canadians wrote me to that effect and praised it for propagating the much-neglected devotion to the Paraclete. One word here for the Passionists—they always have the public novena

for the great Feast of Pentecost which Pope Leo XIII prescribed. I wonder how many thousands of Roman Catholics in this country should hang their heads in shame that the Birthday of the Roman Catholic Church, the great Feast of Pentecost, means so little to them?

The writer feels confident that there are many more devoted readers of *THE SIGN* who could become promoters of the Pious Union of the Holy Ghost. Only twelve names are necessary and the offering is so insignificant compared to the tremendous advantages, since members who daily say any short prayer in honor of God the Holy Ghost share in about six thousand Masses a day and in all the good works of the Franciscan Capuchin Order. The Fathers of this Order have a Friary in Providence, Rhode Island. The Very Rev. Nicholas F. Higgins is the Father Guardian.

I pray that all who read this letter will get busy and send in hundreds of thousands of names and that they will begin now to prepare in this way for the Birthday of their Church, the Feast of Pentecost. May their zeal be blessed by God the Holy Ghost and may He be able to say to each one "Well done, My good and faithful servant."

St. Athanasius teaches: "There is absolutely nothing which is not done by the Son of God through the Holy Ghost"; and St. Cyril: "Everything is done by the Father through the Son in the Holy Ghost." I pray I may receive a blizzard of answers from new members and new promoters.

415 WEST 115TH ST.,

JANE MARY HARMON,

NEW YORK, N. Y. CHAIRWOMAN OF THE NEW YORK UNIT.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.J.S., McKeesport, Pa.; S.E., Baltimore, Md.; J.L., Corona, L.I.; G.J.E., Baltimore, Md.; J.E.T., New York, N.Y.; J.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.G.G., Lemoyne, Pa.; E.K.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; R.P., W. Somerville, Mass.; M.N.S., New York, N. Y.; M.E.R., Allston, Mass.; M.T.B., Rye, N.Y.; A.McC., Brooklyn, N.Y.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Virgin, A.DeM., Bayonne, N.J.; Blessed Mother, M.F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, A.T.K., Jackson Heights, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, M.J.S., McKeesport, Pa.; Sacred Heart, C.W., Narberth, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.J.DeB., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Anthony, L.P. La.C., Saxonville, Mass.; Our Lord, Blessed Mother, F.J.C., Washington, D.C.; Sacred Heart, J.B., St. Louis, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, G.K., Chicago, Ill.; St. Joseph, A.L., Toronto, Canada; Souls in Purgatory, M.B., New York, N.Y.; Our Lady, M.M.F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.C.K., Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, K.T.H., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.A.G.C., New York, N.Y.; St. Anthony, J.T., New York, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Poor Souls, G.F.M., Cherokee, Iowa; Blessed Mother, K.M.B., South Boston, Mass.; St. Joseph, E.C.C., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Poor Souls, M.J.H.M., Baltimore, Md.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.D., Jackson Heights, L.I.; Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, R.O.M., Jamaica Plains, Mass.; J.B.M., Quincy, Mass.; M.J.B., DuBois, Pa.; M.E., Baldwin, N.Y.; F.W.H., Elberon, N.J.; M.R.B., Wilkesburg, Pa.; A.C., Gloucester, N.J.; M.J.R., Kearny, N.J.; E.O.C., Dunkirk, N.Y.; M.J.A., Bayonne, N.J.; M.E.D., Lowell, Mass.

# CATEGORICA

## THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

### PRIMITIVE BUT PRAISEWORTHY

• *The following edifying incident is related by Eleanor Risley in the "Atlantic Monthly":*

One Sunday, after service, Brother Porter drove with a rather unregenerate bachelor in his Ford (Brother Porter rides a mule to church) several miles up the mountain to conciliate a widow who had been "stirrin' up trouble in the church." He succeeded. As they drove home between green walls of pines, the unregenerate bachelor said:

"Brother Porter, that was the gol-darnest dinner and the sourest pie I ever et round Dan'els Gap."

To his surprise Brother Porter cried: "Stop the car, Bob. I've got to go back. You can't turn here, but you can drive on and wait for me at the post office."

"What's the matter? Left something? I'll wait here for you."

Brother Porter set off rapidly up the mountain. The unregenerate bachelor smoked half a package of cigarettes and waited. It was a hot day. When Brother Porter climbed again into the car he appeared weary but serene.

"Find it, Brother Porter?"

"Bob, I've got to preach tonight at Dan'els Gap. I can't preach in the house of God with a lie on my soul. I wanted to get the Widda Cole back into the fold, and to please her and put her in a good frame o' mind Satan tempted me to say, 'Miz Cole, that was the best pie I ever et.' It was a sour pie. I went back and told her I'd lied—pint-blank."

"My Lord, Brother Porter! Hit was a mighty hot day to walk plum up the mountain to insult a widda woman."

"She forgive me, and so'll God," said Brother Porter humbly.

### OUR ENGLISH LANGUAGE

• *The following excerpt is from a disquisition on the present state of the English language by Stephen Leacock in the "New York Times Magazine":*

The situation in the world today is this: there is a language called "English." Too bad, if you like, that one country should seem to have stolen or to monopolize the claim to the name. But if the English stole the name of a language the "Americans" stole the whole of two continents. Humble people, like the Canadians and the Eskimos, have to live in "America" and speak "English" without fretting about it.

English is spoken fairly well by the people in England; is also spoken by the Scotch, by the unredeemed Irish, the Australians—a lot of people other than American. Who speaks it best, no one knows; it is a matter of taste. Personally, I think I like best the speech of a cultivated Scot, and perhaps least a certain high-grade English which calls a railroad a "wallwood." I myself talk Ontario English: I don't admire it, but it's all I can do; anything is better than affectation. . . .

Now, the process of creating slang is not confined to America. But I think the fermenting, slang-making process is livelier far in America than in England.

Under the wide canopy of heaven above the prairies a preacher became a "sky-pilot." In England, notice, he remained, among other things, an "incumbent," still sitting there. A newcomer in the West was a "tender-foot" or a "greenhorn," a locomotive an "iron-horse," and so on. Little snips of foreign "idiom" like the "something else again" of German, and the "I should worry" of Yiddish, came snuggling into the language. "Yes, we have no bananas" carries with it the whole Mediterranean migration.

This process of change, like invention itself, became much more conscious in America than in England. What the English did for lazy convenience or by accident, the American did on purpose. Hence American slang contains a much greater percentage of cleverness than English. A lot of English slang words are just abbreviations. To call a professional at cricket a "pro," or breakfast "brekker" or political economy "pol.econ." saves time; but that is all. To call a pair of trousers "bags," is a step up: there is a distinct intellectual glow of comparison. But it is only twilight as compared with such American effects as "lounge-lizard," "rubber-neck," "sugar-daddy," "tangle-foot," and "piece of calico."

### WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL

• *To Will Rogers or not to Will Rogers is the question raised by the following item from "Architectural Forum":*

Poor Will Rogers must be pacing the Golden Streets bursting with heavenly restraint over his new memorial in Colorado. It would have been such a perfect butt for his earthly satire that it must have been a particularly hard afternoon for him last Fall in Paradise when "The Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun" was dedicated.

Spencer Penrose, referred to in the press as a Copper Baron, first approached its architect, C. E. Thomas, of Colorado Springs, with a photograph of the Tower of London, but it was built rather more properly after the style of a Romanesque watch tower on the Rhine. As a piece of architecture it is not bad, and it is not the fault of the architect that it now has some added functions including a Chinese art exhibition, a wild flower garden, and an airplane beacon.

There is an arched entrance from the road to the Shrine compound, through which visitors walk on their way up a path to the memorial building. The short walk is enlivened by the presence of five assorted Chinese gods and goddesses, a bronze incense burner, an Italian marble sun dial base without the dial, a large Llamasery bell, several rustic log benches, a small bust of Will Rogers and two enormous six-ton stone Chinese dogs.

The *objets d'art* outside may prepare the visitor for the first glimpse inside Mr. Rogers' memorial, for as the large bronze Romanesque doors swing open there is displayed a three-quarter life-size painting of a horse's rump. On the back of this horse is a bright red Indian, himself well fore-shortened, chasing a buffalo

up a wrought-iron staircase, surrounded by Jesuits on mules. The main room in Mr. Rogers' Shrine of the Sun has a marble floor, a pointed concrete ceiling, plaster walls and, except for the floor, is daubed all over in brilliant colors with what the guide construes as the history of Colorado. Its main interest is, curiously enough, Mr. Penrose, who is shown frontwards, backwards and as a young man; his wife, his doctor, several friends, his big hotel, his mountains, his pet elephant, his golf course and other of his innumerable local tourist attractions. The visitor looks in vain for Will Rogers. He came from Oklahoma. So, perhaps, does the sun.

### THE AVERAGE WOMAN

• **EVIDENTLY** women are not very different in Ireland, if we can judge by the following statistics on the average woman from the Belfast "Telegraph":

Lives 75 years.  
 Marries at 26 years.  
 Has a baby weighing 7 lbs. 8 ozs.  
 Quarrels with her husband twice during the first year of marriage.  
 Is 5 ft. 3 in. tall.  
 Weighs 130 lbs.  
 Her favorite hobby is knitting.  
 Visits the cinema 2,700 times.  
 Sleeps 26 years.  
 Spends eight years at housework.  
 Gossips for four years.  
 Cleans her teeth 28,000 times.  
 Drinks 7,000 gallons of tea.  
 Eats three tons of chocolates and sweets, costing six hundred pounds.  
 Grows 38 yards of hair.  
 Spends six days looking for her glasses; and  
 Talks for eight years.

### BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS UNITE AGAINST REDS

• **BELGIAN** volunteers of Liège who served in the Spanish Red Brigade have issued a candid manifesto. We take it from "The New Review":

With a heroism to which one must pay homage, these poor fellows from our country and from the whole world were sent to be butchered under the orders of leaders who owed their position simply to their membership in the Communist Party . . . a formidable apparatus of repression and espionage was created in the hearts of the Brigades. Thus were founded the Communist prisons of which all in Spain knew the hateful reputation. Thus were sent to their death or quietly murdered by the Reds so many wretches whose crimes were generally imaginary. . . . Let us turn to Belgium as it is today. Is it necessary to recall the odious role of the Communist recruiters who have not hesitated to make money by collecting volunteers for the Brigades? How many houses, thus paid for with blood, are at present the property of militant Communists, eager merchants of cannon fodder? How many of these leaders from the province and the capital, poor as Job before the Spanish war, are today provided both with necessities and luxuries and now greet the volunteers back from Spain with arrogance? We belong to no political party, but we have seen what happens in Republican Spain and we want to put Belgians on their guard and unveil the Communist intrigues and the dangers into which they are leading the working class in every country.

### WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

• **WE DON'T** always agree with the writer of "Through the Editor's Specs" in the "Nation's Business" but in this case we do:

If you want to help repatriate and rehabilitate those American adventurers who went to Spain to fight for Communism and now can't get back home, you can send your contribution to the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in New York City. "The conscience of America must answer this appeal!" flames a headline in *The Nation*.

Truly men who loved peace, to whom the bestiality of war was a sickening horror. . . . All will return to the homes and the loves they left, to fight for that right which is more precious than peace. . . . They offered to give their lives—what will you give? . . . Peace . . . freedom . . . liberty . . . conscience . . . democracy . . . the empire of right . . . our ideals . . . Abraham Lincoln.

We may belong to the group "too dumb to understand" but that gibberish is Sanskrit to us. We'll give a year's subscription to the one who translates it—dictionaries and Ph.D.'s not barred.

### THE STATE OF SCIENCE

• **SOME** modern scientific discoveries are listed by Bernard de Voto in "Harper's":

Dispatches come in from the frontiers of knowledge: Solomon's port on the Red Sea is being excavated. . . The serpents carved on Roman lintels were meant to ward off evil. . . Amish hymns have been recorded for the phonograph. . . It is now clear that a British naval officer was lying, a hundred and four years ago, when he claimed to have invaded the Antarctic ice. The map he drew was phantasy and the sea he named after himself was discovered at his desk. . . White Leghorn chickens have had their feathers colored with pigment taken, in the embryo, from a robin's wing. . . Professor Yerkes says that his chimpanzees are very much like human beings, and no lover of justice rises to denounce this libel of a mild and prepossessing animal. . . The Association of American Geographers hears that we have started on the hot-to-cold part of the weather cycle and so may expect the kind of events correlated with that half of the curve. During the next five or ten years, that is, the dictators will probably perish. . . But this heartening news is contradicted at the Geological Society of America, whence word comes that the earth is growing warmer as it continues to emerge from the latest glacial period and that the attempts of the "have-not" nations to get more metals will soon lead to war. . .

The planet Neptune began to be disorderly in 1925 and is now five seconds ahead of where it should be in its orbit. But that may be because the earth wobbles so much that an error was made in the observation—and, considering the earth since 1925, the suggestion sounds reasonable. The metal-bearing ores of the wobbling earth dwindle fast but might be conserved for another century, though because of armaments they probably will not be. But new oil fields are being laid down on the ocean floor off California and will be ready for use in a few million years. . .

A better analgesic than morphine has been found: cobra venom, which does not produce insensibility but has a pleasant reaction and so fulfills one of medicine's oldest dreams.



## AMERICAN PREFERENCES

• **WRITING** in the "Atlantic Monthly" Raoul de Roussy de Sales attempts to analyze Americans in an effort to discover what makes an American:

I never saw the American exiles sit, like the Russians, around the equivalent of a samovar—namely, a pot of real American coffee—and indulge in an orgy of misery, with appropriate songs, over the fact that they were so far away from Buffalo or Omaha.

Speaking of songs, it is strange that most of those which express nostalgia come from the Negroes. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" is a good equivalent of the Breton "*J'aime mieux Paimpol et sa falaise*," but it does not express a really American sentiment. As a matter of fact, the number of Americans who want to be "carried back" to old Virginia or to any other particular place is remarkably small. When it comes to retiring from active life and dying somewhere, they would rather move to a nice climate, if they can, like California or Florida, than to the place where they were born.

## PRESIDENT HUTCHINS OF CHICAGO

• **MILTON S. MAYER** pens the following "indictment" of President Hutchins of Chicago University in a recent issue of "Harpers":

As a university president, Hutchins began by raising hell first with one aspect of education, then with another, and finally with everything and everybody. As the hoar of age settled upon him he became more wilful and cantankerous, as old men sometimes are. Today, at forty, he is the most dangerous man in American education. And there is reason to believe that unless he is stopped where he is he may yet become one of the most dangerous men in American life.

In the midst of serious discussions about serious things he is heard to mutter something about the end being the first principle. Meanwhile the University's football team, short on ends and backs alike, is being shoved all over the lot, and those alumni who are celebrated for normality are agreed that the old school is finished unless they get rid of Hutchins. He's been muttering for ten years now, and the University has gone to pieces: look at the football team.

The world moves faster, faster. Progress is everywhere. Everybody has an automobile, a neurosis, and a gas mask, marvels unknown to primitive man. But the president of a great modern university sits at his desk muttering about first principles, last ends, moral virtues, and rational animals—mummery long since discarded for science, technology, the air raid, and the goon squad. A man so immersed in unreality should never be left alone.

## A HIKING UNIVERSITY

• **FEW** Westerners realize the amazing educational program which has come out of the war in China. Tens of thousands of students continue their studies as they hike through the interior of that vast country. Franz Michael describes, in "Asia," one section of this movement and concludes:

The march led the university away from the Treaty Ports, back into China. It was symbolic of a movement

which had started before the war and which now found new impetus: a return to China's own cultural past, an attempt to find in Chinese history and culture the necessary strength for reconstruction. This is not the place to follow up this development. It will be some time before China has found her soul, before she can amalgamate her own tradition with western science and new trends. It can be said, however, that the war has strengthened the desire to utilize the Chinese tradition and to accelerate its change into new forms. The change has, in part, become a social revolution of greatest importance. It is, however, in the past that China can find the foundation for a new belief with which it will build up a new Chinese nation.

## LITERARY CRITICS

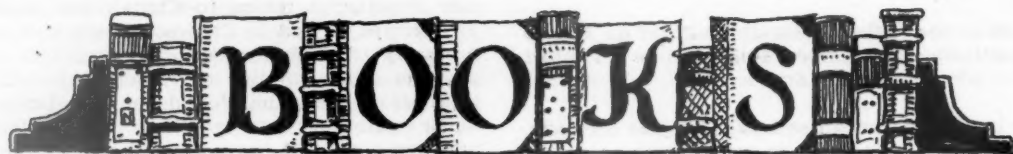
• **BROTHER LEO, F.S.C.**, collects some interesting though uncomplimentary opinions of critics. Taken from "Light":

Critics of literature were spoken of by Ben Jonson, himself a competent critic, as tinkers who make more faults than they mend. Dean Swift called the critics dogs, rats, wasps and drones of the world of letters. To Bobbie Burns they were cut-throat bandits menacing the road to fame. Shenstone likened critics to asses that by gnawing vines first showed the advantages of pruning. Even gentle Dick Steele protested that of all mortals critics are the silliest. True it is that while some critics are illuminating and helpful and criticism at its best is a noble and indispensable art, much that passes for criticism is only the dubious drudgery of making easy things difficult and plain things obscure, and many critics are what the late Sir Walter Raleigh of Oxford called them, trained bores.

## RELIGION AND ECONOMICS

• **LITTLE** reference is made by secular teachers to the connection between theology and economics. Douglas Woodruff brings up the subject in "The Pylon" an attractive missionary magazine published in Rome:

It is the fashion today, in a political and economic era, to interpret religious movements in political or economic terms. For many years, the Catholics were alone in pointing out how much both politics and economics of a low order had to do with what was labelled as a religious reformation of the sixteenth century. From Cobbett to our own day the point has been forcibly made, and it is true. But it is equally true that in the sixteenth century Protestants and Catholics alike considered religion central to life, and those who indulged in fortune-hunting for themselves and their friends did so as sinners without boasting about their sins. Today the danger is that children are taught what they are taught about the turning point in English history when the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament, never more revered or more grandly worshipped than at the close of the Middle Ages, were driven out of the national life by teachers who themselves believe they are explaining political history or that they are being very profound when they point out the economics behind the politics without suspecting the theology behind the economics. The real history would be written in very different terms, but it would require a knowledge of the human heart, and an insight into the lives of those decisive generations which we do not possess.



## Paradise Planters: The Story of Brook Farm

by KATHERINE BURTON

Is it possible to practice genuine Christianity in the modern social and economic set-up? Is it possible to love one's neighbor as oneself when life is based on heartless competition in industry? In the forties of the last century a little group of men and women decided that it was not, and that the only way to follow the teachings of Christ was to go apart from the rest of the world and plan a new social order.

"Cities are an utter absurdity," said one of these seekers after perfection. "They originated not in love but in war."

George Ripley, a Boston minister, was the first to suggest that a break be made. He and Ralph Waldo Emerson were starting a new magazine, *The Dial*, and they summed up their revolt against the social and economic order of the day with these words: "This new movement is in every form a protest against usage and a search for principles."

In the winter of 1840 George Ripley bought 170 acres of land nine miles from Boston as the scene for a center of really Christian life. In the beginning fewer than a dozen people came to Brook Farm, (such was it called,) but as the new ideas of labor spread, many were attracted by the promise of industry based on justice and a sound morality. There was to be no competitive labor at Brook Farm, no distinction. Instead all were to work with their hands for a stated number of hours at the same rate of pay—the intellectual and the uneducated alike.

Humanitarianism, popularized by the novels of Dickens and the verse of Coleridge, had many followers. Eventually such people as Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Henry Channing, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, Orestes Brownson, Isaac Hecker and others came to the Farm and endeavored to live there the common life. Brook Farm, they felt, offered the panacea for all ills. As a cell, a nucleus of people imbued with true morality, it would in time bring about a new economic and social order.

## Buying Books

We call the attention of our readers to a recent change in postal regulations in regard to the mailing of books. As formerly noted in these columns, any book noticed here or any other book you wish may be bought through **THE SIGN**. Instead of 10% of the cost of a book for postage, we ask our readers to add only 5¢ for postage for any book.

We take this opportunity to inform our readers that we shall greatly appreciate their patronage of the book companies which advertise in these columns. Such patronage is of distinct advantage to **THE SIGN**. We are very happy to fill your order for any books. Prompt attention will be given to such orders.

Katherine Burton, author of *Sorrow Built a Bridge*, as well as the *Woman to Woman* feature published monthly in **THE SIGN**, has told a highly interesting story in this account of the Transcendental Movement in New England. That it failed after seven years' trial was in no way due to the learned men and cultured women who, from the beginning, put their wholehearted belief into the scheme. Rather may the failure be ascribed to the insistence of Albert Brisbane, "the evil genius and dark angel" of the movement, that the Farm incorporate the ideas of the French radical, Charles Fourier. Later a disastrous fire put the colony in such debt as to cause outsiders to withdraw their backing. Such was the end of "the cell" which was to have remade America into a new Paradise.

*We shall be pleased to fill your book orders*

The story of Brook Farm provides a glimpse into the lives of a number of high-souled nineteenth-century Americans—many of them one-time ministers of orthodox Calvinism and Unitarianism. For some of these the Farm was the beginning of a journey that ended in the Church of Rome. Of this group Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, is the most interesting, and one could wish that Mrs. Burton had extended her book to include more of the life of this man, who, as a baker and kitchen helper at the Farm, left his influence on more than one of his fellow idealists.

*Longmans, Green & Company, New York. \$2.50.*

## Deliver Us From Evil

by ACHMED ABDULLAH

Fascinating in its drama, masterful in its telling, revealing in its kindly probing into human hearts, is this latest novel from the gifted author and playwright, Achmed Abdullah. Into the understanding Presence of God in a Cathedral come, from different motives, men and women whose lives are as varied as their widely separated backgrounds. And into their gripping, human problems, into their troubled, puzzled, stumbling souls we look with an interest that holds us to the very end.

The tangled skeins of the pattern of life—some fiercely bright, some shoddy, some cheaply gaudy—are deftly put in order in the presence of the Giver of life itself. From forgotten small towns, from an island army post, from the slums of the heedless city, from old Russia, from the hinterland of China and the highlands of Scotland the author has drawn his characters. Strength and weakness, courage and cowardice, soaring hopes and bitter despair are revealed as these men and women of today stand, believing or incredulous, before their Lord. Like the inescapable theme of a pulsating organ, there runs through the entire novel the unifying note of the mercy of God.

His own stirring adventures in hidden corners of the world and his facile pen have enabled the author to etch these tales with deft, sure

strokes. We have seen little that can approach this book in that rare combination of intriguing and profitable reading. It is heartily recommended.  
G. P. Putnam Sons, New York. \$2.00.

## A Life of Our Lord

by VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

In this little book (some two hundred well-margined pages) Fr. McNabb leads us to the contemplation of "a thousand beauties and a thousand series" which, with so much originality, he has discovered in the Gospel Life of Our Lord. We recommend enthusiastically this work of the learned Dominican author. And, be it noted, we use the adjective "learned" advisedly. He is at great pains in the foreword to apologize for "not loading the ship of (his) little life with the heavy lading of scholarship." We venture to disagree. In fact, one of the two mildly adverse criticisms we make is that there is too much evidence of scholarship—or too little! One can't escape the conclusion that he could write a book of Scriptural commentary that would be most valuable to the student, yet the very indications leading to this conclusion may well prove bewildering to the ordinary reader. Further, the author's apparent confidence that his readers will appreciate the full beauty and depth of thought almost hidden at times in a concise style and compact expressions, while flattering, is hardly warranted. It is practically impossible to absorb the full meaning of some of his best ideas, unless one reads thoughtfully, and, it might almost be said, studiously.

This does not mean that the book is dry and pedantic. Far from it! It is fascinating. But the gems of thought could be so much better appreciated in adequate settings. In a word, there is material for a dozen books in this very small volume. But, the effort occasionally required to capture the entire meaning of some very pregnant phrase will be amply repaid.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

## Call My Brother Back

by MICHAEL McLAVERTY

*Call My Brother Back* is the story of an Irish family—the MacNeills—who migrate from their native island of Rathlin, off the coast of Ireland, to Belfast. From a quiet life of farming and fishing they come suddenly into a world of nationalist and religious strife, of raids and am-

bushes, of hatreds, jealousies and murders. The story is well told and gives a realistic and sympathetic picture of an Irish family in the days of the Troubles.

*Call My Brother Back* should establish its author as one of the finest writers of English prose in Ireland today—and that is no small compliment. The clear, racy, pungent style of this book is as stimulating as the sea air breathed by the MacNeill family on the wind and wave-swept island of Rathlin. There is a freshness and simplicity in the photographically detailed descriptions of Irish life and scenery which compensate for a certain slowness of movement in the unfolding of the story.

It is Mr. McLaverty's first novel. We look forward hopefully to many more from this gifted young writer.  
Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$2.00.

## Through Lands of the Bible

by H. V. MORTON

In his two books, *In the Steps of the Master* and *In the Steps of St. Paul*, H. V. Morton led his readers through the cities and towns and along the highways and byways sanctified by the sacred feet of Christ and by the journeyings of His zealous apostle, Paul. In the present volume he traces the history and present status of Christianity in the lands of the Bible. Those who have read the two preceding volumes will expect a pleasant trip with Mr. Morton, and they will not be disappointed. He leads us first to North Syria, to the country of those giants of asceticism, the Stylites. Then he takes us across the desert to Mesopotamia, to "Ur of the Chaldees," the land of Abraham, to Babylon and Baghdad.

The greater part of the book is concerned with Egypt. The author introduces us to the lineal descendants of the primitive Christians of Egypt, the Copts. He takes us to a Coptic baptism and wedding, and with him we enjoy tea with the Mother Superior of a Coptic nunnery. He makes some illuminating observations on the relations of primitive Egyptian Christianity with the early Irish Church. "It is known that many Irishmen travelled to Egypt in the first six centuries of the Christian era, and that Egyptian monks visited Ireland. Seven Coptic monks are said to be buried in Ireland at Desert Ulidh." "The Seven Churches of Glendalough in County Wicklow are a perfect example of a primitive Egyptian monastery at the time of the Desert Fathers."

In the final chapter the author  
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## MARCH & APRIL BOOKS

This Spring we have poetry: a much enlarged edition of **SONNETS AND VERSE** by Hilaire Belloc (\$2.50), whose poetry is even greater than his prose; and **RECUSANT POETS** by Louise Imogen Guiney (\$6.00), who selected the poems of Catholic Elizabethans and wrote their biographies. On poetry, and the arts in general, we have **THE SUDDEN ROSE** by Blanche Mary Kelly (\$2.00), who introduces every man to his artistic heritage by showing him that art is every man's business.

And this Spring we have no less than three new novels: the long awaited **THE WOMAN WHO WAS POOR** by Léon Bloy (\$2.50), the most sensational Catholic novel of recent times; **CHOSEN RACES** by Margaret Sothorn (\$3.00), with its poignant conflict between the Chosen Race of Hitler and the older Chosen Race; and **THE VIOLENT TAKE IT BY STORM** by Dorothy Mackinder (\$2.50), a departure from what we have always known as "Catholic novels."

**OVER THE BENT WORLD**, an anthology of all kinds of modern Catholic literature edited by Sister Mary Louise (\$3.00), comes as near to being the whole Catholic Revival between two covers as anything well can.

Testing the foundations of modern thought, Dr. Willis Dwight Nutting in **HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION** (\$2.00) finds them sadly shaky.

In **PREFACE TO STATECRAFT** (\$1.50), Desmond Fitzgerald studies the foundations of the state in a book which might be called a Philosophy of Politics.

Monsignor Ronald Knox, in his new satire **LET DONS DELIGHT** (\$3.00), uses imaginary conversations among Oxford professors from 1588 to the present day.

And last is a book for children, **GREY DAWNS AND RED** by Marie Fischer (Sister Mary Alma) (\$1.25), about Blessed Theophane Venard, who said as a boy he would go to China to be a martyr, and grew up to do it.

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leads us to Rome for "all Christian pilgrimages must end in Rome, because only in Rome is it possible to descend steps into the depths of the earth and stand in buildings whose walls may have echoed to the voices of Peter and Paul." Mr. Morton manifests a reverence for the Catholic Church and the Successor of Peter, which are remarkable and extraordinary in one who is not a Catholic.

A Catholic reviewer must object to Mr. Morton's acceptance of the hypothesis of the "Higher Critics" concerning the Book of Daniel. Mr. Morton also makes a mistake in attributing chapters 40 to 55 of Isaiah to an unknown writer, "the Second Isaiah." The Pontifical Biblical Commission has declared that the arguments against the unity of the Book of Isaiah are not solid.

Except for these two errors the book is excellent in every respect.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.00.

## When There Is No Peace

by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong, editor of *Foreign Affairs*, writes as an expert on the Czechoslovak crisis of last Fall and on the causes which produced it. So fast moving and so complicated were those events that the ordinary observer still has but a hazy notion of the drama which culminated in the Peace of Munich.

In *When There Is No Peace* the

reader will find a detailed and orderly discussion of facts and personalities. The author is at his best in recording the historical facts. His interpretations of those facts are at times influenced by an understandable hatred of Hitler and his methods. But however much one may dislike the Nazis it is inevitable that at times there should be some right on their side. The author ignores the fact that the Sudetens are really Germans and that all the evidence available indicated that it was their will to enter Hitler's Third Reich. Another defect in the author's interpretation of events is a lack of appreciation of the difficulties of the role Chamberlain played in the dramatic events of last Fall. After all, Britain had very much to lose if Chamberlain's "policy of appeasement" failed, and it must be admitted that up to the present at least events have not proven the British Prime Minister over-credulous when he declared on his return from Munich on September 30th, 1938: "I believe it is peace for our time."

In spite of these defects, however, Mr. Armstrong's book is the best on the subject and is a *sine qua non* for the student of contemporary history.

The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$1.75.

## The Arab Awakening

by GEORGE ANTONIUS

A timely book by a competent native spokesman. In vivid, stimulating language Mr. Antonius tells the story of Arabia's coming of age in the world of modern nations.

The Jesuits were the first to attempt to open the eyes of the Arabs to their dignity as human personalities. But the work of the Jesuits, hampered from the beginning by unreasoning prejudice on the part of those they would befriend and by lack of funds on their own, collapsed completely with the papal suppression of their Order in 1773. In the mid-nineteenth century other Catholic missionaries and some Protestant American missionaries stepped into the breach. Naturally intelligent Arabs began to sit up and take notice.

Literary societies were formed and from these sprung secret political societies. Christian and Moslem were admitted to membership. Opportunity at last knocked at the door in the shape of the World War. Arabia was ready. Turkey declared herself for the Central Powers, and loyal Arabians were instructed to enlist the support of the shrewd and pow-

erful Husain, Sharif of Mecca, in an appeal to Arabians to stand by Turkey and Germany in their holy war upon Western unbelievers. The secret societies were contacted by Husain through his son Faisal. After gauging the strength of the alliances upon which he could count, Husain entered into negotiations with the British in the person of Sir Henry McMahon, English High Commissioner of Egypt. He pledged himself to harass the Turks and support the Allies, with the aid of his secret Arabian alliances, provided the English would recognize all purely Arab areas as independent Arabian territory in the event of victory for the Allies.

Guarantees were given and accepted but with much hedging and circumlocution on the part of both contracting parties.

At the Peace Conference Arabia demanded its pound of flesh— independence on the Peninsula, in most of Syria and in Palestine. Britain granted the demand on the Peninsula, but rejected the contention that it had meant to recognize Palestine and certain portions of Syria as independent Arabian territory.

Mr. Antonius has brought his book right up to the present Arab-Jewish Palestinian Conference in London. It is indispensable reading for anyone who would understand thoroughly the delicate nuances in that now famous diplomatic muddle in which Great Britain finds itself involved.

J. P. Lippincott Company, Phila., Pa. \$3.00.

## Initiating Research in Catholic Schools

by BURTON CONFREY, Ph.D.

Research has ever been the *bête-noire* of college students. It is intimately bound up with any idea of a post-graduate degree, and might be called the headache necessarily preceding the right to affix a few letters to one's name.

In an attempt to ease the burden incidental to research work, Burton Confrey has turned out an important and helpful volume. He insists that quite obviously method is necessary if one is to proceed effectively and with a minimum of annoyance and fatigue. "In research independent effort is essential, but it is impossible if one does not know economical and effective methods of work." The very idea of sifting endless volumes to garner evidence for the substantiation of a thesis demands orderly procedure. And so, Mr. Confrey very deftly maps out for the researcher

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a scientific mode of studious inquiry, from the approach to the special investigation to the fixing of the conclusion.

The author does not confine his treatment of the subject to graduate work, but also proceeds to show the benefits of research in undergraduate work, and even suggests it as a "fascinating pastime" for anyone who has a penchant for exhaustive investigation. Although written primarily for use in Catholic schools, the volume is, of necessity, non-sectarian in scope.

The Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H. \$2.50.

## Days of Our Years

by PIERRE VAN PAASEN

*Days of Our Years* is a spread of ill-digested deceptions. It is only remotely autobiographical. In its pages the author, Pierre van Paasen, is largely but stiffly statuesque. But *Days of Our Years* is interesting reading even though it be that the world and life to the snarling Pierre is very much as Schopenhauer regarded it—"a path of red-hot coals with a few cool places here and there."

The author had been a student for the ministry in the Dutch Reformed Church. Coming from Holland to Canada he was browbeaten into disillusioning service with the Canadian forces in the futile blood-lettings of the World War. Stained with human blood he relinquished holy aspiration to become a roving reporter through beset regions of the world.

When Pierre pontificates briefly on Marshals Foch and Lyautey and Cardinal Mercier and Cardinal Innitzer and the Vatican, if he does not qualify for the charge of common, ordinary liar—he is surely guilty of grave suppressions. Anyhow, somebody is a liar. And the reviewer, who knows something about these splendid specimens of Christian thought and life, entertains his own well-authenticated suspicions.

*Days of Our Years* furnishes a few breezes of soothing and idyllic charm which describe the protected youth of Pierre in Gorcum in Holland. But after the idyll of youth the book becomes one long snarl with a few smiles for the crack-pot thinkers who were reforming the world from the taverns and the back alleys of Paris.

And the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, the Arabic reprisals in Palestine, the Civil War in Spain? Glaring omissions, deceits, insinuations, some fact and much propagandizing fiction.

And even a child catechist could upset the pontiff Pierre when he pontificates with his authoritative statements on what he presumes to be Catholic doctrine.

Hillman-Curl, N. Y. \$3.50.

## Behind the News in China

by FREDERICK VINCENT WILLIAMS

Without pretense or attempt to conceal motives, Japan's side of the current struggle in China is frankly stated. Personal observations, as well as research, have given a much-travelled journalist arguments which he offers in an easy style. Obvious, serious abuses in unorganized China led the Japanese into the policy of "clean-up, lest we become infected."

How justified was this interference by force in a country which was beginning to find itself a matter of hot dispute. And, granting even the necessity of intervention, the possibility of peaceful pressure remains. This thought Mr. Williams does take up, but he concludes that such pressure had long since failed.

The author, like the Japanese themselves, looks forward to a protracted peace in China when the invasion is over. But that result cannot be determined at the moment. Whether both countries will have suffered to the point of exhaustion, or whether they will come to a mutually profitable understanding will depend on the outcome of the war. In any case, Japan's reasons for its present course of action are clearly presented in these pages.

Nelson Hughes Co., N. Y. \$1.50.

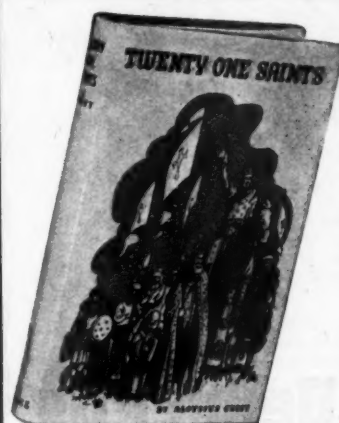
## Father Louis Hennepin's Description of Louisiana

Trans. by MARION E. CROSS

The second great voyage of discovery down the Mississippi River was that of Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle. He was commissioned by the French court to make further explorations and he brought back with him from France several Recollect Fathers, among them Father Louis Hennepin, to do missionary work among the Indians.

La Salle's expedition started from Niagara. In a small schooner, the *Griffin*, the party sailed over Lake Erie, Lake St. Clair, through the Strait of Detroit, over Lake Huron, through the Strait of Mackinaw, and down Lake Michigan to the mouth of the Miami River. From here the party went overland to the Kaskaskia River and down that to the Illinois as far as Fort Crevecoeur,

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## An Inspiring Story of Faith



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This is the story of a handful of men and women who were mysteriously drawn together one rainy spring evening in Manhattan. Picking up each tangled thread as its owner steps into the Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, the reader is led back through the life of each member of this strange and fascinating group. A dramatic novel and a vivid reaffirmation of faith.

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near the present Peoria, Illinois, where they stayed for the winter of 1679-89. La Salle was obliged to return to Fort Frontenac but before he departed he sent Father Hennepin with two companions to explore the upper reaches of the Mississippi. They reached the neighborhood of the Black River in Wisconsin and were then captured by a band of Sioux Indians.

Continuing up the river the Indians took them to a point just below the present St. Paul and then overland to an Indian village on Mille Lacs in the present state of Minnesota. After a few weeks in the village Father Hennepin was allowed to join a hunting party travelling down the river. Coming upon the great falls of the Mississippi he named them in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. While the party was returning they met a party of Frenchmen led by Du Luth who were searching for some Europeans said to be in the region. With Du Luth Father Hennepin returned to Lake Michigan and from there back to Ontario and then to France. Soon after his return to France he published a volume describing his travels and discoveries. It appeared in Paris

in 1693. The present book is a translation of that work. It was originally translated into English by John Gilmary Shea in 1880 but that translation has long been out of print and copies are rare.

The translator has improved on the original work to the extent of dividing it into chapters and paragraphs. The long, involved sentences of Hennepin are broken up to adapt them to modern readers. The narrative is most interesting. Father Hennepin attempted missionary work among his captors but his vestments and portable altar were taken from him and he could not say Mass. He did not make any converts and blames this on the natural stupidity of the Indians. His description of their life and manners is vivid and detailed. But the work is most valuable as a source record of his voyage, the only eye-witness account of it that we have. It is, besides, a very fascinating travel narrative.

University of Minnesota Press. \$3.50.

## The Papal Conflict With Josephinism

by **SISTER MARY CLARE GOODWIN,**  
C.S.A., Ph.D.

Joseph II, unworthy son of the great Catholic Hapsburg, Maria Theresa, opened his inexperienced eyes on world happenings with an overweening esteem of himself and of his importance as co-ruler of the impressive Holy Roman Empire. To this was added a bull-headed obstinacy that blinded him to the dove-like faith and serpentine wisdom of his devout mother. He grew impatient of her gentle remonstrances and sage counsel and yearned for the day when he might convince the world who was the real Emperor of Austria. The good lady died with fear in her heart as to what power might do to a stubborn but cherished son. Her fear was well founded. Joseph would be not merely Emperor but Pope as well. He tried and failed; as have all earthly rulers before him and as all will who attempt such a thing after him.

Pius VI was Pope and a pontiff not unlike our own late and beloved Pius XI. Holy, affable, a prey to constant infirmities, filled with love alike for the disloyal children of the Church as for the loyal, he would make concessions for the sake of peace between Church and State. He drew up a Concordat in the spirit of Pius XI. But to no avail. Joseph, drunk with power and ambition, violated the Concordat again and again. The Papal Nuncio and hierarchy

protested; the Pope pleaded. All in vain. Joseph antagonized his people, split his Empire and died a broken man.

A certain brilliant young non-Catholic professor in the military Academy in Cassel, Johannes von Müller, observed this phenomenon of an earthly ruler who would be spiritual guide and father-confessor to his subjects; and while he admired the economic and military genius of his Emperor, as any discerning man would, nevertheless, he wrote sadly: "Sceptres are broken, weapons may rust; but that which is of the spirit, is eternal." We recommend a little meditation on that profound conclusion to our modern secular dictators.

Fordham University Press, New York. \$2.00.

## The Doctrine of Spiritual Perfection

by **REV. ANSELM STOLZ, O.S.B.** Translated  
by **REV. AIDAN WILLIAMS, O.S.B., S.T.D.**

The author of this book makes it quite clear from the start that his thesis is to take issue with the psychological views prevailing in the modern treatment of mysticism. While the shafts of his dialectic are aimed chiefly at the so-called descriptive school, they score at times direct hits on the opposite strictly scholastic school also. Besides dryly remarking that "Poulain's work should not, without qualification, be called a treatise on mystical theology," he also declares that Garrigou-Lagrange's book is nothing more than the "dogmatic teaching on faith, grace, charity and the gifts of the Holy Ghost."

What the author here aims at, therefore, is to take the whole problem of mystical experience out of its

## PARADISE PLANTERS

BY **Katherine Burton**

The history of the New England social experiment of the '40's is here told in human and intimate terms. Catholic readers will be particularly interested in the sidelights on Orestes Brownson, Isaac Hecker and other converts to Catholicism who were members of the Farm colony. "Paradise Planters is a wholly absorbing book."—*N. Y. Times*. 336 pages. \$2.50.

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modern narrow psychological setting and with the help of the older patrological teaching construct a composite picture, so to speak, of the whole inner life of the Christian in its relations with God, in order thus to place mystical life and experience in its proper perspective in the supernatural order.

The more modern teaching of the scholastics on the "organism" of the supernatural life, however, is not neglected. Rather it is very searchingly examined in order to discover the inner nature of the mystical state. It is in the results that this examination is made to yield that the author clearly parts company with many widely accepted views on the nature of mystical experience. Since for him the Christian life by its very nature is, at least in substance, a restoration of Adam's state of intimacy with God, the psychological element is of little consequence and does not belong to the essence of the mystical state in its deepest sense. It is not what happens to this or that individual that is of importance in mystical experience; the essential thing is what every soul who has been justified by grace receives, since the mystical "has the same goal as the grace of justification"; "it is to be associated with the connatural and progressive unfolding of sanctifying grace." Hence, according to this view, "all Christian prayer is mystical in its foundation so far as it proceeds from union with Christ."

The author admits the mystics' claim to receiving a certain obscure immediate knowledge of God but he interprets it in a quite novel way. According to him this knowledge lies beyond the "psychological" sphere. It is not bound up with any special "psychological" happening, because it is the effect of the very essence of supernatural faith, the deification of our spiritual existence and the vision of the divine in revealed truth. Thus, it would seem, mysticism is nothing more than supernatural faith, since it is this that gives the new vision and tasting of the truth and deepens the insight that is common to all believers.

From all this more pointed conclusions eventually develop: the mystical in the Christian life is not something new or something super-added to what all already possess; it is simply Christian life and faith intensified in the individual to the point where it produces an experience of the divine; it is not the privilege of a few specially called individuals; it is the way that all should traverse.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$2.25.

## Collected Poems

by JOHN JEROME ROONEY

Poetic tradition is dual: the tradition of the tried and found working and the tradition of the tried and found wanting. Judge Rooney's poetry was made up largely of the latter. Many of his poems were occasional and attained a certain quotable popularity. They manifest all the facile optimism, indiscriminate invocation, coin-in-the-slot phrasing and tick-tock metric characteristic of such endeavors.

The widely anthologized war-poems, so bravely martial to the generation which Glenway Westcott later called Lost, clink falsely to their disenchanting ears. One seems to hear a gust of bitter, pitying laughter. "Resurrection," perhaps, was meant for palinode. It is one of the few that bear, however faintly, the stamp of authenticity.

"The Lord God said to His Angel:  
Let the old things pass away.  
They have heaped the earth  
with slaughter; their sin obscures  
the day.

Roll back the scroll of the  
heavens; from out the womb  
of birth  
Come forth new heavens untainted;  
come forth, renewed,  
the earth!"

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.00.

## Mystical Poems of Nuptial Love

by COVENTRY PATMORE  
(edited with notes by Terence Connolly, S.J.)

Patmore, the rejected prophet, wrote his own epitaph in *Dead Language*: "... and is not mine a language dead?" Savagely he lashed out at the "acorn-munchers," his contemporaries, and raked them with his satire.

"How should Exile sing in such a  
Land?  
What could he win but jeers,  
Or howls, such as sweet music  
draws from dog..."

A curious figure! Intimate of eternity, conscious of his call to sing the sacredness of love—and yet so difficult, with his positive genius for estrangement, so that even Alice Meynell slipped away!

An annotated edition of *The Unknown Eros* is almost a necessity. The most sympathetic of readers finds the odes obscure—"obscure," wrote Alice Meynell, "as waters are obscure, because they are profound, not because they are turbid." Fr. Connolly has brought to his task all the

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patient understanding which characterizes his similar edition of Francis Thompson. Annotators, as a rule, have a thankless lot. In the thrill of personal enjoyment and discovery, one is apt to resent an occasional irrelevant intrusion as an impertinence. Fr. Connolly is not entirely impeccable. He reads a questionable beauty into bits of the baldest prosaicism, comments gravely on passages of utter bathos, attaches the implications of his own scholarship to lines which actually do not bear the burden. Patmore, for all his pioneering in the mechanics of rhythm and the pause, is still too typical of his time. He has the Victorian faults in abundance, and, unlike his friend Hopkins, he failed to peel the layers of convention to an essential sincerity and directness of thought, phrase and form. His significance, therefore, is not absolute. Greatness of inspiration, greatness of intention, were undoubtedly his. The actual execution in coherent form is still very much open to debate.

A few of the odes will speak to any and all times. *Departure*—too long to quote in entirety, and too integral to quote in part—is very nearly a perfect thing. It is in whole

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poems like this and in fragments strewn through his pages that Patmore, the rejected prophet, will come into his own. The family is a keystone in the restoration of all things in Christ. We need a philosophy of love such as this. Ours is the time and these are the things of which this poet wrote:

"Be dumb,  
Or speak but of forgotten things  
to far-off times to come."

*Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston. \$3.00.*

## Politics and Morality

by DON LUIGI STURZO

This work is a series of discussions on the concepts of authority, the State, political ethics and other subjects, in their relation to Christian democracy. Despite their condensed and, at times, almost cryptic style, these essays give a striking and thorough analysis of the current European swing towards dictatorships. Like so many swift, sure strokes of the surgeon's scalpel, they lay bare the true character of Nazism and Fascism. The author's conjectures as to the future of these regimes have special weight by reason of his almost prophetic utterances at the time of their inception.

In particular, Don Sturzo makes an interesting study of the nature and operation of that strange hybrid—a political moral conscience distinct from, and at odds with, the consciences of the individuals comprising the body politic. He shows graphically the part this grotesque pseudo-ethical consciousness has played in European affairs during the past decade in the matters of treaty violations, the outraging of oppressed peoples, and the suppression of groups working towards political sanity.

Throughout, this gifted Italian ecclesiastic writes with a composure and patient forbearance that is remarkable in one whose career has been as checkered and frustrated as his. He discusses complex political problems with the lucidity and grasp of his subject we have come to expect of him. The book is an excellent translation from the French by Barbara Barclay Carter.

*Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. \$3.00.*

## The Protestant Crusade

by RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON

This book tells the story of organized Protestant efforts to keep this country "a Protestant country for a Protestant people." Native Americans

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strove to restrict immigration and to keep "foreigners" from exercising the franchise, except under rigorous conditions. The bigotry displayed by these groups of "Native Americans" towards foreigners—a term which applied practically only to Catholics, chiefly Irish—is a foul blot on the pages of United States history. Here one reads such shocking things as the burning of the Charlestown convent and Catholic churches in Philadelphia, the Maria Monk episode with all its vicious lying, the rise of American Nativism and its bid for control of Congress and the State Legislatures. The persecution of Catholics displayed in these and similar occurrences is amazing, in view of the principles on which the Republic was founded. The most prominent leaders of the attacks on "foreigners" were ministers of the Gospel.

It is fortunate that the book was written by a Protestant Professor in a Protestant college (Smith of Northampton, Mass.). It is based almost wholly on contemporary sources and told in the form of a historical study.

*The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$5.00.*

## In Victorian Days

by RT. REV. SIR DAVID HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B.

This short but engaging book is a definite contribution to the essay genre. It is a work that has a distinctive flavor—like a rare old wine.

The Abbot of Dunfermline writes very capably in the tradition of the classical English essayist, and his thoughts and style are suggestive of Lamb's *Essays of Elia*. With a delightful informality he conjures up the remembrance of things past—the highlights of a long, studious life, surprisingly enriched with dramatic incidents sure to interest the reader. Reminiscences of town and country life during the latter part of Victoria's reign, recollections of Oxford days, Rome under Pius IX, and various miscellaneous subjects, critical, biographical and personal, go to make up the subject matter of the volume. Perhaps the most interesting essay is "Oscar Wilde As I Knew Him." The author's intimate friendship with Wilde throws illuminating light on the darker side of the poet's life, and the account of his death-bed conversion is particularly gripping.

*In Victorian Days* is decidedly a book of high calibre, and deserves a place on the book shelf of the thoughtful reader who chooses his reading with discrimination.

*Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$2.40.*

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## SHORTER NOTES

Editors, librarians and members of study clubs will find **THE CATHOLIC PERIODICAL INDEX**, Vol. 1, July to December, 1937 (Walter Romig & Co., Detroit, Mich., \$1.25, net), very useful. It indexes the magazine material, including book reviews, of most of the Catholic magazines in this country, England and Ireland.

Another volume of sermons by **MSGR. TIHAMER TOTTH** of the University of Budapest, who was recently

made a Bishop, appears, entitled **THE RISEN CHRIST** (Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$2.00). Besides four sermons on the Resurrection of Christ, there is one on the Ascension, two on the Last Judgment, one on the Eternal Christ, and nine on the Blessed Virgin Mary. Bishop Toth writes not only with sound theological learning, but also with an awareness of modern social conditions. He has a sympathetic attitude towards the faithful and their problems. Preachers will find much inspiration from these sermons. They demonstrate how the sacred truths of our holy Faith can be taught to moderns, who have so many temptations to loosen their hold on them. The sermons on the Blessed Virgin are characterized by a tender and solid piety.

The new edition of **BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS**, corrected, amplified and edited by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Donald Attwater, has been completed with Volume XII (December). It is published by Kenedy & Sons, New York, at \$2.75, net. *Butler's Lives of the Saints*, which were well known to older Catholics, have now been brought up to date in a critical edition without loss of their spiritual appeal. This volume contains a Supplement, supplying accidental omissions from other volumes and two Appendices, the first containing a memoir of the Rev. Alban Butler, and the second giving an account of the process of beatification and canonization. The latter is especially instructive.

**THE YEAR'S LITURGY**, by RT. REV. FERNAND CABROL, O.S.B. (Benziger Bros., N. Y.). The Abbot of Farnborough, author of this little book, evidently realizes that the generality of the people today read very little pious and instructive matter, and if they do, it must be short. In the preface to *The Year's Liturgy* he says: "We wish to reduce the work to

two volumes, instead of nine, or fifteen." However, he also informs his readers of goodwill that it is not merely a summary, or abbreviated form, and therefore, if they will but read through the work, he thinks they will be able to feel more at home with the Missal and other books of the Liturgy.

After reviewing the contents very carefully, one's impulse is to heave a sigh of regret that the Abbot Cabrol cannot go up and down the country and preach and explain by the living voice those grand old historic practices, hallowed by centuries.

We warmly recommend this book not only to the laity, the generality of whom know so little of these things, but also to the clergy and religious.

Priests are not long engaged in the office of preaching before they realize that preaching to children is not as easy as it may seem. They will find the office easier to fulfill if they use **DOCTRINAL SERMONS FOR CHILDREN**, Series II, by **MSGR. THOMAS F. McNALLY, LL. D.** (The Dolphin Press, Phila., Pa., \$1.25), which treats of the Ten Commandments and the Precepts of the Church. They are written in clear and simple language and simple examples are used to fix the doctrine in the child's mind.

**NOTE:** In the review of **RECUSANT POETS**, by Louise Imogen Guiney, published last month, the price was listed by mistake as \$7.50. The correct price of the book is \$6.00. It is published by Sheed & Ward.

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After the Fall, however, God hid His Face from man. Now the darkened understanding, the weakened will, tries with difficulty to keep recollected in the presence of God; and before he can actually pray, man must shut out the world and its distractions, quiet down the fevered imagination and fill the mind with spiritual thoughts. Only then will he be inclined to pour out his heart in loving converse with God—prayer—yes, mental prayer.

To acquire this spirit of prayer and union with God, we must not neglect our allotted time for recollection, meditation and an honest effort to pray mentally. Nor should we neglect to retire to the most congenial place. Not amid the noise of the radio, and the chatter of the sitting room, but as your *Rule of Life* recommends: "in the quiet of your room, or during your evening visit to the church."

Members and prospective members are reminded to take these few words to heart and to re-read the chapter of your *Rule of Life*—"Try to Meditate and Pray Mentally." But remember that you will never succeed in the exercise of mental prayer, nor will it produce in you any satisfactory fruit, unless you strive earnestly to be recollected during the day in the presence of God; also to be faithful to the set time, and the proper place, to make your meditation, and to observe with fidelity and exactness your *Rule of Life*.

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Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1939

Masses Said.....	10
Masses Heard.....	13,836
Holy Communions.....	8,076
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	11,469
Spiritual Communions.....	14,137
Benediction Services.....	4,030
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	12,039
Stations of the Cross.....	4,086
Visits to the Crucifix.....	9,869
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	1,959
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	22,548
Visits to Our Lady.....	7,479
Rosaries.....	16,817
Beads of the Seven Dolours.....	4,458
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	243,641
Hours of Study, Reading.....	6,961
Hours of Labor.....	15,441
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	10,285
Acts of Zeal.....	10,118
Prayers, Devotions.....	43,008
Hours of Silence.....	7,778
Various Works.....	8,540
Holy Hours.....	670

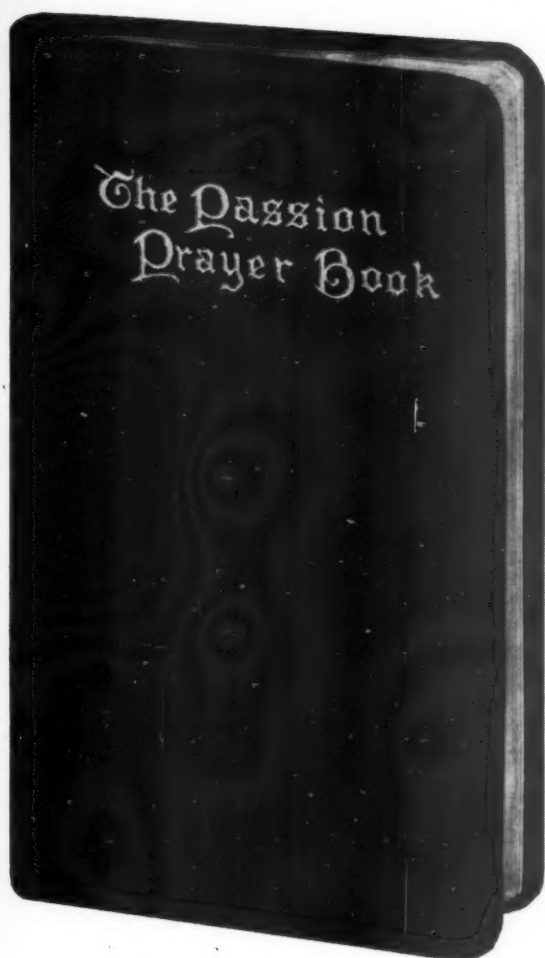
## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Eccles. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

RT. REV. MSGR. P. C. DANNER  
REV. EDW. J. BEARY  
REV. EDWARD P. COSTELLO  
REV. FREDERIC SIEDENBURG  
BROTHER PAUL FRITSCHY, C.P.  
SR. M. SEBASTIA  
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SR. MARY OF ST. URSULA (GIVLIN)  
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.



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